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Office, No. 98 North Sixth st.
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A, SPITTING of BLOOD,
E EXPECTORANT.
Philadelphia Evening Post.
Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1839.
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S HARRIS, Sen. 25 Lombard st.
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corner of 12th and Cherry streets.
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Hats, Pigeons, Porks and every arti-
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R. & W. WILSON.
DEMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 13
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TAPE Carpet Manufactory,
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Tights. Where fashionable CAR-
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. S. W. Corner of Third and Chesnut Streets, Second Story. | PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27, 1841. | TERMS. $3 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE NO. 1026.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The First Bird of Spring.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

'Tis joy enough more to see thee come
To sport around my embowered home,
Bird of the azure wing!
Through, and from bush to bush to roam,
And with some songs to sing.

'Tis double joy!—thy coming breathes
Of leafy trees—of verdant heaths,
Wreathed with their painted flowers,
And every charm the Year bequeathes
To Spring time's blooming hours!

I welcome thee to this calm spot—
To every blossom round my cot,
That bursts with fairest dew—
To those bowed trees whose long arms float
On Delaware's breast of blue!

Make somewhere near thy place of rest!—
Build closely by thy brown-robed nest
That I may feel that full
Hath sounds of Peace—lovely and blest—
That all are not of strife!

Oh! where wert thou, when Winter frost
Each wave that now in brightness flows
Along its winding track,
And pulled the Earth with blighting snows,
And bound the skies in black?

Wert thou on some far distant shore
Where brighter skies were bending over
A warmer land than this,
Where everlasting summers pour
Around their loveliness?

Wert thou where flowerets—rich and rare,
Fling fragrance on the Indian air?
Or where the sunlight smiles
On Cotendo's pristere clear,
Or green Darmodian isles?

Gay bird! how purely sweet thy lays!
If there are grateful songs of praise
To Him of power Above,
Then mean it gift hence a lesson give
From thee of Faith and Love!

Bristol, 3rd month, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Refugee.

A Tradition of Seventy-Six.

BY A SON OF NEW JERSEY.

"If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the mysterious tale of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history.—Don Quixote ed. 1.

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won." Byron.

The soil of New Jersey is classic ground.—Scarcely any portion of her surface but has witnessed the struggles, or cried out against the sufferings of our revolutionary fathers. The battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, besides a host of less important conflicts, bear testimony to the forwardness with which every inch of her ground was disputed, in the memorable struggle for our Independence. But it was not only in the history of regular warfare that she was distinguished. Perhaps a more bloody partizan strife was waged in no other colony, than the struggle which, for a series of years, was carried on in West New Jersey. From Mount Holly to the Capes, and from the Delaware to the Atlantic, the whole State was infested, except in rare spots, with a set of desperadoes, who going by the name of Refugees, waged war on all parties alike, and were in fact but land-pirates of the worst character. The deeds of these men still form the theme of many a winter story among the older inhabitants; and I shall never forget the awe, with which I used to listen to them when a boy. They distinguished themselves principally on Morris River in the Western, and Mullica River in the Eastern waters of that section of the State. On the former river a gang of these desperadoes long existed, carrying terror and bloodshed throughout the surrounding country, until they were finally extirpated by a set of young Whigs, who, disguising a sloop as a harmless wood-sloop, dropped down the river carelessly, and then succeeded in inducing the Refugees to attack them, when the whole company was destroyed. The good people of that section of the State, still tell of the prowess of "Big Jim Riggins," who, after discharging his piece, did such execution with the butt end thereof, that it shattered to atoms the skull of more than one of the assailants; nor are they less silent, concerning the feats of the redoubtable Squire ——, of ——, who, seized with an unaccountable tremor, as soon as he saw the Refugees approach, jumped overboard and swam ashore, losing thereby a ponderous silver shoe-buckle, which, as "Big Jim Riggins," used to say, weighed almost a half a pound. To the last hour of his life, the valiant Squire was loth to hear any allusions made to that memorable day—the rather because he was the only fugitive from his party.

But I might consume a volume in recording the annals of the Refugees. On Mullica River they were equally numerous, and quite as bloodthirsty. Robbery and often murder, attended them wherever they went, and, to this day, their names are held in equal horror and detestation, among the inhabitants of the river. Many a bloody deed is told of them which posterity will hardly credit. One of these traditions I have heard so often, that I can no longer resist the temptation to reduce it into writing.

The morning sun was just breaking over the low shores of Mullica river, when a solitary individual might be seen standing on that point of land which goes by the name of Chesnut Neck, and which is the first solid ground you meet after leaving the bay. He seemed, by his conduct, to be on the look out for some one he expected, as he had stood for nearly half an hour in the same spot, directing his glance across the low marshes which interposed between him and the mouth of Bass river. It was a solitary scene on which he gazed. Not a house, nor even a sail, was in sight, and the only vestiges of life around were the blackened skeletons of several merchant vessels which had been burnt to the water's edge, and which lay in ruinous desolation in the reach below. Occasionally the freshening breeze would curl the waters of the river into a thousand mimic billows, or go whistling with a rattling sound along the salt grass. The stranger began finally to show some signs of impatience, but just as he turned as if to go, a sail might have been seen across the salt meadows on the opposite shore, and directly a boat opened out of the reach below. In less than ten minutes it had gained the Neck, and five or six stalwart men, springing to the land, grasped successively the hand of the stranger.

"We're here at last, Captain," said one of the men, "though maybap consaint behind the time. But what's the news?"

Before we give the reply to this question let us state the connexion between the two parties, and the cause of their meeting at this lonely spot.

Henry Wharton was a young Whig who had early engaged in the revolutionary struggle, as the captain of one of those small privateers which in the early years of the war did such damage to the British commerce along our coast. He had subsequently, however, been compelled to scuttle his little craft when the enemy's men-of-war had, by lining the whole Jersey sea-board, prevented him from succoring his country on the sea. But he had not since been idle. His old crew—as brave a set of fellows as ever breathed—were always ready to second him in any enterprise which promised to advance the common good; and their daring exploits were already the boast of the country around. Living about Bass river, a day's notice would generally bring them to the side of their leader—and it was in reply to a summons from him that they had met Wharton at Chesnut Neck this morning. He therefore replied,

"Nothing since the fright into which the militia fell when the British came up and burned the craft here. The troops you know wouldn't even remain at Clark's Mills, but sneaked off into the woods, although two hundred strong. Shame on such paltry cowards! But I've heard something of our old enemy Bill Swen."

"What!—the refugee."

"Yes!—he was lurking about the Forks, it was supposed, a day or two since, and must now be betwixt there and here. Indeed I shall have intelligence as to his whereabouts before noon. He no doubt headed the party who stole Brush's boat the other night; but if so he found his match."

"Ah! how was that?"

"Brush knew that, as his boat was stolen in the night, the refugees would not carry her down the river until the following one. He planned his revenge accordingly. As the channel runs close under the shore at Buck Point, he felt confident, that, by taking up a position there, he might, concealed among the bushes, pick off his men as certainly as if he was aiming at a target. In order, however, to facilitate his escape he cut a path through the underwood along the shore for a score of yards. When the boat appeared about midnight he was coolly awaiting them; and taking deliberate aim fired into the midst of her crew. Waiting to see that, at least, one of the refugees was killed, he darted away down his path with the swiftness of a deer, so that when they returned his fire, as they did almost instantly, the balls were wasted among the deserted underwood. The ambush so alarmed them, however, that they left the boat about a quarter of a mile below, took to the swamps, and have not since been heard of. My object in sending for you is to ferret them out, for, as you know, we have a long account to settle with the rascals."

Their plans were soon laid, and for the present the group separated, the men returning to Bass river, and their captain striking across the country toward Clark's Mills. It was understood, however, that an hour after noon they were all to rendezvous at the same place, fully armed and accoutred to set out on their perilous expedition. But for the purpose of our story we must now change our scene.

The evening shadows were stretching slowly up the horizon, and the breeze came damper from the neighboring river, when two females might have been seen standing in the door way of a farm-house, some miles above Chesnut Neck, and within a short distance of the stream, from the sight of which, however, it was separated by a dense growth of pines and oaks. The house was commodious, and for that section of the country quite extensive. But it was obvious that the proprietor of it did not derive his wealth from the white barren soil which stretched around his mansion, and which, even had it been in a state of the highest possible cultivation, could have afforded but a scanty crop. Now, however, the fences were partially broken down, and whole fields were overgrown with rank mullen. Every thing around looked desolate. Within the house only, or in its immediate vicinity were perceptible any signs of care. The cause of this neglect is easily accounted for in the absence of the proprietor, and most of the males of his family in the army.

Colonel Harwood had amassed a fortune before the war by the coasting trade, and, with a portion of his gains, erected this spacious structure. There too he had lived with his only daughter, a beautiful and high-spirited girl, until the breaking out of the revolution, and the consequent stoppage of commerce. At the first signal of war, however, he had exchanged the counting house for the camp, and leaving his daughter in the charge of an uncle, who thenceforth took the management of the estate, he departed for the army. The dissensions of the country, and the difficulty of procuring laborers had induced him, however, to leave orders that his farm should remain uncultivated except so far as might be necessary for the immediate wants of the family.

Our readers will by this time have fancied that one of the females standing in the doorway was the daughter of Colonel Harwood. They are right. It is the taller of the two—the dark-haired girl who, shading her eyes with her hand, is gazing down the road. Is she not beautiful? Here is not the loveliness of the Venus, but rather the majestic beauty of a Juno. Her dark eyes; her arching brows; her classic contour of face; the well rounded outline of chin, neck and bosom; and the commanding though graceful and undulating figure, are all the attributes of the high-souled woman, such a one as we might fancy Lucretia or Portia to have been.

Her companion was of a different order of beauty. Never was a greater contrast between two cousins than that betwixt Kate Harwood and Alice Vevey. The latter was a blonde—slight, delicate, and lovely beyond comparison. Her hair was of the golden hue of the poets; her eyes were of that azure tint which is so soul-subduing; and her complexion was so exquisitely fair that the veins might have almost been counted in her cheek. Her face was not regular in its features; it was the expression which charmed you. When she spoke her voice was music itself. You might have thought it a seraph's whisper, or the unknown harmony which fills the moonlit air at midnight. And as she stood aside of Kate, looking also down the road, she leaned her arm within that of her cousin, as if seeking protection there. She was altogether too frail and delicate a creature for this troubled world of ours.

"I wonder he does not come," at length said Alice. "Henry Wharton never before deceived us. What shall we do, dear Kate," and the speaker clung closer to her cousin's side, "if he does not arrive? We have only the two servant boys, and father trusting to Wharton's promised arrival, will not come back from Batsto till to-morrow. You know he said it would take him two days, at least, to inspect the balls and shells they are casting for the army. Are you not dreadfully afraid, dear Kate?"

"And why should I feel fear," said Kate, speaking as if to a darling child, "you know there is no real danger. For who is there to attack us?"

"*The refugees*—are they not abroad. I heard James say so to-day."

"And James is an idle servant boy, and loves to play upon our women fears. No—believe not that there is any peril, except that which our imaginations may conjure up. Even if the refugees are abroad, how do they know we are unprotected to-night, any more than on any other night for the last year? I've heard Uncle often say he could keep the house with the aid of the two boys, against a half a score of men, and you know these desperadoes never muster in stronger numbers than that. But let us in. If Henry had been coming at all to-night, he would have been here an hour ago. I wonder why he has not arrived."

This last remark, however, was said in an under tone, so that her companion might not hear it; for although Kate did not wish to alarm Alice, her own fears were by no means asleep. She was the affianced bride of Wharton, and never having known him to break a promise before, she felt certain that something of moment had occurred to detain him. Perhaps he was wounded, even dead. The whole field of conjecture was open before her, and her mind was tortured with a thousand uneasy doubts. Besides she had heard of the Refugees being in the vicinity, and she knew not but that they might have learned the unprotected state of her father's house. In such a case they would be sure to plunder it, and perhaps commit deeds at which she trembled to think. Yet she dared not confide her fears to Alice, and seek counsel from her, for fear of alarming her sensitive cousin. She was forced rather to affect a composure she did not feel. Even when the house had been closed and barred for the night, and she pretended to consider the arrival of Wharton as of no consequence to their safety, her anxious ear was constantly strained, to detect if possible the echo of his footstep, or the sound of his well known voice. But the evening passed on and he came not.

Meanwhile, Alice longed for the coming of the young partizan with no less anxiety; for she felt that in the presence of Henry Wharton she would feel no fear. Nor was this the only motive that induced her to wish for his coming. Treasured in her heart was a secret which none knew save herself, and which bid her ever to watch for the arrival of Henry Wharton, with an eager anxiety whose origin her beating heart too well betrayed. He was the being on whom her young soul's affections had been placed.

Brought up, almost from childhood, in the society of the two cousins, the young partizan had imbibed for both of them an affection which the grave alone could sever,—and his attentions to them had consequently ever been, more, those of a brother, than of a stranger. The gentle heart of Alice, at first unknown to herself, was won by this kindness to entertain a deeper feeling towards Henry Wharton, than mere maiden friendship would allow. He became the subject of her constant thoughts. Everything he said was treasured up in her memory; his opinions on all subjects were hers. Yet this change in her feelings went on so silently and gradually, that she never perceived it until an incident occurred, which aroused her to the true state of her heart, by convincing her that its dearest hopes were forever crushed.

We have said that the affection entertained by Wharton for the cousins, was to be severed only by the grave; but we have not said that the sentiment he felt for Kate, was the same with that he held towards Alice. The latter he had always looked upon as some delicate plant, to be nurtured with the greatest care, and cherished with a holiness scarcely of this world. Indeed Alice seemed rather some angel visitant, who had wandered from a brighter sphere, than a being, partaking of like feelings with the erring mortals of earth. Everything she did was so pure, and lofty; and yet, in every thing, she was so dependent. Her very look was ethereal; and when her mild blue eyes were raised to heaven, and her golden tresses fell like a burst of sunlight upon her snowy neck, you might have thought her the study for one of those Madonnas, with which Raphael has enraptured a world. And doubtless many would have chosen this fair and delicate lily, in preference of her more beautiful and high-souled cousin. But Henry Wharton was not one of these. He loved rather the dazzling Kate. Alice he regarded as he would a sister, but her cousin held a dearer place in his heart. The majestic beauty of Miss Howard, struck a chord in his bosom which had never vibrated before, and Henry Wharton became the avowed, and finally the accepted suitor of Kate. It was the knowledge of Wharton's love for Miss Howard, and the consciousness that that love was returned with equal fervor by her cousin, which first betrayed to Alice the state of her own heart. But when that knowledge came, it was too late for one of her gentle nature to eradicate her passion. Her love for Henry Wharton had become a part of her being: it was intertwined with every fibre of her bosom. She pined in secret, but yet enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in thinking over her unhappy love; like the mother whose grief only deepens as she recurs to her lost babe, and yet who would die if she could not dwell upon its image.

"Yes?" Alice would say to her own heart, "it cannot be that Henry Wharton should ever love me—me, the poor delicate girl, whom every one regards rather as a child than as a woman. Ah! little do they know my heart. Kate! Kate!" she would continue, apostrophizing in imagination her cousin, "yours will be a happy lot, and well do you deserve it. I, alas! am destined only to grief. Well it is not wrong to love; and I cannot tear his image from my heart. I will see you married, and then—" but here a flood of tears always overpowered the poor girl.

And these two beings, both beautiful of their kind, now sat in their little room up stairs, as the clock struck nine. The last note of the old time-piece had scarcely ceased vibrating throughout the house, and she cousins had simultaneously arose to retire—for at that day the hour of repose was earlier than now—when the violent barking of a dog arrested their attention.

"Who can be coming?" said Kate, stopping, and listening eagerly, "surely not Henry, for Jowler never welcomes him thus."

"Hark! did you not hear a voice?" said Alice, her cheek turning ashy pale, "there—again—what can it be?" and she shrank to the side of Kate.

"It cannot be—yes! it is—" said Miss Howard, "I hear strange voices, and they speak with oaths. Jowler is more violent than ever."

"It is yet Henry—" gasped Alice.

Kate did not answer, but stepping boldly to the window, the shutters of which were thrown back, she looked without. The casement fronted the road, commanding a full view of the persons approaching. It was a bright moonlight, and Kate distinctly saw at least a half a dozen armed men, advancing rapidly up the little lane leading to the house. The foremost of the group was a big burly individual, carrying a musket on his shoulder, and having a cutlass slung at his side. The shaggy fur cap, huge sailor's overcoat, and gigantic stature of the man, at once convinced Miss Howard, that it could be no other than Bill Swen, the celebrated Refugee. Had she felt any doubt as to it, the conduct of his followers would soon have removed it, for pausing a few yards from the house, and yet within speaking distance of it, Kate overheard distinctly the following conversation. She had, however, the presence of mind to put out the light, as soon as her eye fell upon the person of the Refugee.

"They're all a-bed, I guess, my boys," said Swen, turning to his companions, "though that imp of a dog will wake them, if he's not silenced. Hadn't we better break in at once, and wreak our vengeance on old Harwood. You know he's threatened to hang us all, if he comes back."

"Has he?—then by — push on, and lets rifle his nest for him. They say that pretty daughter of his is here, and her cousin. Fine wenches they are, eh! Bill?"

What reply the refugee made to this coarse speech Kate did not hear, for she turned away in real alarm as soon as the ruffian had ceased. Her worst fears were verified. They were beset,—and by villains whose mercy would be worse than death. The bloom left the cheek of Kate as she thought upon the probable fate of herself and cousin; her heart beat violently, and her breath came quick. But it was now no time to be idle unless they would submit without a struggle to the refugees. Henry Wharton was absent, and so was her Uncle. There was no hope of aid from without. The house, however, was well barricaded, and would resist for awhile the endeavors of the desperadoes to force it. *Might it not be defended?* As this question flashed across the mind of Kate, her eye kindled, and hope once more found a place in her bosom. It was not in her nature to submit to these lawless ruffians without a struggle, and remembering that she was a soldier's daughter, and that perhaps the honor, not only of herself, but of her cousin, depended on her energy, she hastily turned to the two servant boys, who by this time, alarmed and hesitating, had made their appearance, and said,

"James—Samuel, hurry down stairs and bring up the muskets hither. Quick"—and then, taking the arm of Alice in her own, she led her trembling cousin away from the window, saying "Alice, you must stay here in safety, and assist in loading the muskets."

"Why—Kate"—faltered the astonished and agitated girl, "do you intend to fire on them?"

"I will," calmly said the heroic girl, "sooner than allow them to enter here. God knows, dear Alice," she continued, "if they succeed in break-ing into the house, whether we will live till to-morrow's dawn."

"Oh! if Henry Wharton was only here," gasped the trembling girl, clasping her hands together, and bursting into a flood of tears.

"Amen!" was all Kate could answer, for her own emotion almost choked her utterance.

The servant boys now made their appearance, bearing in their arms the four muskets, constituting the armory of the mansion. By this time the consultation of the ruffians without, had been brought to a close, and advancing hastily to the principal door, the leader of the assailants shouted,

"Ho! there, within"—at the same time striking the door with such violence that it quivered beneath the blow. The barricades which had been raised behind the door prevented it, however, from giving way in the least.

Again he thumped against the door with the butt end of his musket. But it still resisted his blows.

At this instant, however, a couple of the gang arrived with a beam which they had found upon the premises, and with a loud shout, the refugees welcomed this new ally. It was soon in the hands of four of the stoutest of the party, and as the first blow of the beam was given and a panel was heard crashing beneath the shock, the blood faded even from the cheek of the heroic Kate. Alice gasped for breath, and clutched the arm of her cousin convulsively.

"There—again—oh! we are lost, are we not? Say, dear Kate, we are not."

"Not yet—not yet," answered the high-souled woman excitedly "but the time for action has come. The door will not resist them five minutes now". She paused a moment and added firmly, "It must be done."

Stepping to the casement as she spoke, Kate took a rapid glance at the position of affairs beneath. The door which the refugees were assailing was flanked by the casement at which Kate stood, and a steady aim from the window would be sure to bring down at least one of the desperadoes. Hitherto, apparently, the inmates of the chamber had not been detected, and consequently they possessed every advantage of a perfect ambush. But as soon as a fire should be opened from the window they would lose this protection.

All this Kate saw at a glance. But the only hope was in resistance. Already a second panel had given way before the blows of the refugee's battering-ram. In a moment or two more the ruffians would effect an entrance. Taking advantage of the noise to raise the sash, Kate turned to the elder of the two boys, a lad of about fifteen, and said,

"James, will you stand by me now?"

"That will I, ma'am," exclaimed the gallant fellow, "I can hit a bird, and I can't miss a bloody refugee."

"I have never pulled a trigger in my life," said Kate, with that calm tone which told the intensity of her feelings, "and it seems terrible to do so on a fellow being. But it is our only salvation. Take this piece, and I will take the other."

"Ay, ay, ma'am, and I will aim at that second villain, and you at that ingin in a fur-cap."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the refugees made another thrust at the door, which shook under the concussion more violently than ever. At that instant the muskets of the little garrison blared from the window; and simultaneously one of the refugees leaped up in the air and then fell like a deer dead across the beam. The leader, however, was apparently unhurt. Kate had, not unnaturally, missed her aim. With an oath Swen sprang back from the door, and lifting his piece to his shoulder with the rapidity of lightening, fired at the window. The ball came crashing through the glass; but Kate and the lad had sprung from the casement almost the instant they fired.

"We have escaped for the present," breathlessly said Miss Howard. "Cheer up, Alice, the refugees may think our garrison stronger than it is and retire."

But Alice had fainted, and heard not the words of her cousin. Kate, forgetting every thing else, would have devoted herself to her restoration, but at this moment a renewed battering against the door showed that the danger had once more become imminent. She sprang to the window, but not daring openly to show herself, she managed with great difficulty to screen her person, and yet obtain a partial view of what was going on outside. She saw that while two of the refugees had taken up a position so as to command the window where she stood, the rest of the assailants continued their efforts to batter in the door. She saw by this arrangement, the instant that one appeared at the window to fire upon the assailants, by or she would be picked off by one or the other of the refugees. Meantime the blows upon the door increased in rapidity and vehemence; panel after panel was heard crashing in; while the shouts of the desperadoes betokened their hopes of speedy success. Kate turned from the prospect in despair. She saw that their attempt to repulse the refugees had only exasperated without intimidating their assailants. She felt that hope was no longer possible. Death—perhaps worse than death was reserved for Alice and her; while by her resistance she had brought destruction upon the two innocent lads. At this instant another crash was heard below, and the door almost yielded on its hinges. Kate hurriedly looked around the room. The moonlight, falling through the casement, supplied the place of their extinguished light, and revealed every object distinctly. Alice was just reviving from her swoon, and the younger of the two lads stood beside her weeping bitterly. The other boy, however, showed no sign of fear. Grasping a loaded musket in his hands, and approaching as near to Kate as he could get, he was endeavoring to obtain a glance at the affairs without.

"Miss Catharine," said he boldly, "come away, and give me your place. I am fitter than you to be in danger. Come."

Kate turned quickly around on the little fellow to reply, amazed at his self-collectedness, and courage. But in so doing she exposed a portion of her round white arm to the aim of the refugee sentinel without. Quicker than thought was the flash of his piece, and in a moment the blood was trickling across her fair skin.

"You are wounded! Let me shoot the rascal before he can load again," exclaimed James rushing to the window—but Kate drew him back with her other arm, saying energetically,

"There is another on the look-out—you will be killed—it is only a trifle—see," and, snatching up a slight shawl, she wrapped it hastily around her arm, effectually stanching the blood. "And now our only hope is the head of the staircase. From thence we can fire on the refugees as they rush in through the doorway."

It was but a step from the chamber to the required position, and though Alice followed her cousin more dead than alive she would not consent to be separated from her. But the crisis had now come. Scarcely had Kate and her gallant supporter taken their stand on the first landing, when the hall door fell in with a tremendous crash, and the enraged refugees poured in. The little garrison fired, but their discharge appeared only to have wounded one or two of the assailants, and with a loud and brutal hurra the desperadoes dashed up the staircase.

"Kill the young scoundrel, but save the woman. By—you shall rue in another way this night's work," roared the infuriated Swen as, pistol and cutlass in hand, he sprang upon his victims.

Kate saw that all was over. Flight or resistance were alike in vain, for Alice, clinging to her in the agony of terror with convulsive eagerness, impeded every movement; and our heroine could never think of deserting her dependant cousin. The leader of the refugees was already within a step or two of Kate, and levelling his pistol at her young supporter, Swen fired; but just as he pulled the trigger a convulsive movement on the part of Alice accidentally interposed her own form between the pistol and its victim, and the ball lodged in her bosom. Kate felt the warm life-blood of her cousin ebbing upon her own hand, and, believing that her hour had come, she bowed her head meekly to the stroke. At that instant a rifle-shot rang clear and sharp over all the tumult, and the leader of the refugees fell prostrate; while a voice, in which Kate recognised that of her lover, shouted in tones of thunder,

"Down with them—no quarter to the ruffians—"

In less than a minute it was finished; the refugees were overpowered; and Wharton himself had clasped Kate in his arms. But she could not answer his passionate embrace. She pointed silently but carfully to the dying girl upon her bosom.

"My poor dear Alice," said Wharton, himself affected to tears, "and have they murdered you. God's curse lie on the villains. But speak—you are not much hurt?"

The dying girl had seemed insensible, but at that loved voice she faintly opened her eyes and smiled. Wharton seized her hand and bedewed it with his tears. Alice essayed to speak; but it was in vain. She faintly pressed his hand, and as he laid her head upon his bosom, she looked with an angelic smile from him to Kate, and then to him again, and murmuring faintly and brokenly something whose meaning the lovers could not distinguish, died.

Our tale is well nigh told. The explanation of the manner by which Wharton so opportunely arrived, will no doubt, however, be sought for by the reader. It may be told in a few words. He and his followers, having met according to their rendezvous, had proceeded up the river, with the intention of furnishing out the refugees, intelligence of whose whereabouts he had received but an hour before. According to promise it was his desire to take Mr. Howard's in his way; but he was prevented from doing this by false intelligence that the refugees had changed their location, and would escape him if not instantly pursued. He was thus diverted from his original route, nor was it until long after dark that he discovered the deception which had been practiced upon him. No sooner, however, did he find out his error, than returning to his original purpose, he hastened on to the residence of Mr. Howard, intending to leave one or two of his men there as a protection to the household, and then push on to the swamp in which he supposed the refugees lay concealed. How opportunely he arrived our readers have seen. From one of the desperadoes who was made a prisoner Wharton learned that the refugees had discovered the defenceless condition of Mr. Howard's household, and that this, coupled with an old grudge which Swen had against the father of Kate, had led to the attack.

The wound of Kate was, on examination, found to be trivial, although the alarm of her lover was great until this was determined. Her heroism doubly endeared her to Wharton, and, as he pressed her to his bosom, he owned that she was worthy to be a soldier's daughter and a soldier's bride

And together they wept over Alice, the pure, the lowly, the child-like Alice. She was buried in the grave-yard of the neighboring little church, beneath the branches of a spreading elm, with the free air of Heaven blowing over her, and the first birds of spring to chirp and sing upon her grassy grave. Her unhappy love was long the theme of sad conversation to the new wedded pair;—for need we say that within a year from these events Kate became the bride of Henry Wharton.

One word of the narrator, and we have done. Although wounded, he was not killed. Having subsequently recovered, he was doomed to a more ignominious fate. He was tried, found guilty, and hung. His body was afterward buried near his former residence, and his grave is still to be seen on the western shore of the river, scarcely a mile below the Forks. Tradition, which long preserved these facts, used to relate that his old dwelling became haunted after the death of the owner:—certain it is that it was never afterward inhabited. Time, however, has softened down those superstitious fears, and though Swen's house has fallen to ruin, a tenement now rears its head scarcely a stone's throw distant, on the banks of the river; and if you stop at the village of Pleasant Mills, at most but a few miles from Swen's grave, the gentlemanly post-master there will tell you that, in this sketch, under altered names, he recognises one of the traditions of the Refugees.

March 22d, 1841.

A War Song.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Are the white snows which crown thy hills outruoden,
Are thy sons valiant still—thy daughters pure.
Cerusnia?—or hath War, which makes the world
Bleah in its blood, stained all thy hills and valleys?
Awake! The Turk is coming from his den
Where he once slept, lustful intemperate.
He comes with fire in the sea, and blind with hate.
Awake! Bare all your weapons till their light
Dazzles the sky, now sick with coming woe.
Awake. The Turk is in your heart. Awake!

Awake! 'tis the terror of war;
The Crescent is toss'd on the wind:
But our flag flies on high like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves!
They are foes to the good and the free
Go, bid yon first flutter the night of the waves;
The Sea may be conquer'd—but we
Have spirits untameable still,
And the strength to be free.—and the will.

The Helots are come. In their eyes
Proud hate and fierce scarcely burn;
They hate us.—but shall they despise?
They are come.—shall they ever return?
O God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we'll conquer alone.

The world has deserted our land:
The eagle is prey to the hound;—
It may be, but first we will battle and bleed,
And when we have crimson'd the ground,
We'll shout at the shows of the earth,
And die,—'tis the chance of our birth.

Our fathers,—each man was a god,
His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice like a spirit's was worshipped: he trod,
And thousands fell worshippers round
From the gates of the West to the Sun
He bade, and his bidding was done.

And we—shall we die in our chains,
Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens—who is it arraigns?
Are they princes of Europe or lord?
Are they kings in the attorneys gown?
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul.

Away! Though our glory has fled,
For a time, and Thermopylæ's past:
Let us write a new name in the blood of our dead.
And again be as free as the blast.
The lion, he rouses as of yore
Without the fear he a slave!—and so more!

Away! for the fight may be ended
Before you arrive at your fame.
Your fathers the land and their dwellings defended
And left them to you—with a name.
Oh! keep it. it sounds like a charm
It will guard you from terror, from harm.

For our life,—it is nothing,—a span
To the body, and Fame is the heart
Is there one who rejects the bright lot of a man?
Let him be the last to depart
Let him die on his pillow, a slave,—
For us, we have conquered the grave.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

The world, however, was not in fault in

lineaments, by which figure-heads are usually characterised, seemed to reduce everything else to mere pigmy proportions.

"Do you know it?" said the dwarf, watching Sampson's eyes. "Do you see the likeness?"

"Eh?" said Brass, holding his head on one side, and throwing it a little back, as connoisseurs do. "Now I look at it again, I fancy I see a—yes, there certainly is something in the smile that reminds me of—and yet upon my word I—"

Now, the fact was, that Sampson, having never seen anything in the smallest degree resembling this substantial phantom, was much perplexed; being uncertain whether Mr. Quilp considered it like himself, and had therefore bought it for a family portrait; or whether he was pleased to consider it as the likeness of some enemy. He was not very long in doubt; for, while he was surveying it with that knowing look which people assume when they are contemplating for the first time portraits which they ought to recognise but don't, the dwarf threw down the newspaper from which he had been chanting the words already quoted, and seizing a rustic iron bar, which he used in lieu of poker, dealt the figure such a stroke on the nose, that it rocked again.

"Is it like Kit—is it his picture, his image, his very self?" cried the dwarf, aiming a shower of blows at the insensible countenance, and covering it with deep dimples. "Is it the exact model and counterpart of the dog—is it—is it—is it?" And with every repetition of the question, he battered the great image until the perspiration streamed down his face with the violence of the exercise.

Although this might have been a very comical thing to look at from a secure gallery, as a bull-fight is found to be a comfortable spectacle by those who are not in the arena, and a house on fire is better than a play to people who don't live near it, there was something in the earnestness of Mr. Quilp's manner which made his legal adviser feel that the counting-house was a little too small, and a great deal too lonely, for the due enjoyment of these humors. Therefore he stood as far off as he could while the dwarf was thus engaged; whimpering out but feeble applause, and when he left off and sat down again from pure exhaustion, approached with more obsequiousness than ever.

"Excellent indeed!" cried Brass. "He he! Oh, very good sir. You know," said Sampson, looking round as if in appeal to the bruised admiral, "he's quite a remarkable man—quite!"

"Sit down," said the dwarf. "I bought the dog yesterday. I've been screwing gimlets into him, and sticking forks in his eyes, and cutting my name on him. I mean to burn him at last."

"Ha, ha!" cried Brass. "Extremely entertaining, indeed!"

"Come here!" said Quilp, beckoning him to draw near. "What's injudicious, hey?"

"Nothing sir—nothing. Scarcely worth mentioning sir; but I thought that song—admirably humorous in itself, you know—was perhaps rather—"

"Yes," said Quilp, "rather what?"

"Just bordering, or as one may say, remotely verging upon the confines of injudiciousness perhaps, sir," returned Brass, looking timidly at the dwarf's cunning eyes, which were turned towards the fire, and reflected its red light.

"Why?" inquired Quilp, without looking up.

"Why, you know, sir," returned Brass, venturing to be more familiar;—"the fact is sir, that any allusion to those little combinings together of friends for objects in themselves extremely laudable, but which the law terms conspiracies, are—you take me, sir?—best kept snug and among friends, you know."

"Eh!" said Quilp, looking up with a perfectly vacant countenance. "What do you mean?"

"Cautious, exceedingly cautious, very right and proper!" cried Brass, nodding his head. "Mum sir, even here—my meaning sir, exactly."

"Your meaning exactly, you brazen scarecrow,—what's your meaning?" retorted Quilp. "Why do you talk to me of combining together? Do I combine? Do I know anything about your combinings?"

"No no, sir—certainly not; not by any means," returned Brass.

"If you so wink and nod at me," said the dwarf, looking about him as if for his poker, "I'll spoil the expression of your monkey's face, I will."

"Don't put yourself out of the way I beg sir," rejoined Brass, checking himself with great alacrity. "You're quite right sir, quite right. I shouldn't have mentioned the subject sir. It's much better not to. You're quite right sir. Let us change it, if you please. You were asking, sir, Sally told me, about our lodger. He has not returned sir."

"No?" said Quilp, heating some rum in a little saucepan, and watching to prevent its boiling over. "Why not?"

"Why sir," returned Brass, "he—dear me, Mr Quilp, sir"—

"What's the matter?" said the dwarf, stopping his hand in the act of carrying the saucepan to his mouth.

"You have forgotten the water, sir," said Brass. "And—excuse me sir—but it's burning hot."

Deigning no other than a practical answer to this remonstrance, Mr Quilp raised the hot saucepan to his lips, and deliberately drank off all the spirit it contained; which might have been in quantity about half a pint, and had been but a moment before, when he took it off the fire, bubbling and hissing fiercely. Having swallowed this gentle stimulant and shaken his fist at the admiral, he bade Mr Brass proceed.

"But first," said Quilp, with his accustomed grin, "have a drop yourself—a nice drop—a good, warm, fiery drop."

"Why, sir," replied Brass; "if there was such a thing as a mouthful of water that could be got without trouble—"

"There's no such thing to be had here," cried the dwarf. "Water for lawyers! Melted lead and brimstone you mean, nice hot blistering pitch and tar—that's the thing for them—eh Brass, eh?"

"Ha ha ha!" laughed Mr. Brass. "Oh very biting! and yet it's like being tickled—there's a pleasure in it, too, sir!"

"Drink that," said the dwarf, who had by this time heated some more. "Toss it off, don't leave any heeltap, scorch your throat and be happy."

The wretched Sampson took a few short sips of the liquor, which immediately distilled itself into burning tears, and in that form came rolling down his cheeks into the pipkin again, turning the color of his face and eyelids to a deep red, and giving rise to a violent fit of coughing, in the midst of which he was still heard to declare, with the constancy of a martyr, that it was "beautiful indeed!" While he was yet in unspeakable agonies the dwarf renewed their conversation.

"The lodger," said Quilp,—"what about him?"

"He is still sir," returned Brass, with intervals of coughing, "stopping with the Garland family. He has only been home once, sir, since the day of the examination of that culprit. He informed Mr. Richard, sir, that he couldn't bear the house after what had taken place; that he was wretched in it; and that he looked upon himself as being in a certain kind of way the cause of the occurrence. A very excellent lodger sir. I hope we may not lose him."

"Yah!" cried the dwarf. "Never thinking of any body but yourself—why don't you retrench then—scrape up, hoard, economise, eh?"

"Why sir," replied Brass, "upon my word I think Sarah's as good an economiser as any going. I do indeed, Mr. Quilp."

"Moisten your clay, wet the other eye, drink, man," cried the dwarf. "You took a clerk to oblige me."

"Delighted sir, I am sure, at any time," replied Sampson. "Yes sir, I did."

"Then, now you may discharge him," said Quilp. "There's a means of retrenchment for you at once."

"Discharge Mr. Richard, sir!" cried Brass.

"Have you more than one clerk, you parrot, that you ask the question? Yes."

"Upon my word sir," said Brass. "I wasn't prepared for this—"

"How could you be?" sneered the dwarf, "when I wasn't? How often am I to tell you that I brought him to you that I might always have my eye on him and know where he was—and that I had a plot, a scheme, a little quiet piece of enjoyment afoot, of which the very cream and essence was, that this old man and grandchild (who have sunk underground I think) should be, while he and his precious friend believed them rich, in reality as poor as frozen rats!"

"I quite understood that sir," rejoined Brass. "Thoroughly."

"Well sir," retorted Quilp, "and do you understand now, that they're not poor—that they can't be, if they have such men as your lodger searching for them and scouring the country far and wide?"

"Of course I do sir," said Sampson.

"Of course you do," retorted the dwarf, viciously snapping at his words. "Of course do you understand then, that it's no matter what comes of this fellow? of course do you understand that for any other purpose, he's no man for me, nor for you?"

"I have frequently said to Sarah, sir," returned Brass, "that he was of no use at all in the business. You can't put any confidence in him sir. If you'll believe me, I've found that fellow, in the commonest little matters of the office that have been trusted to him, blurting out the truth, though expressly cautioned. The aggravation of that chap sir, has exceeded anything you can imagine, it has indeed. Nothing but the respect and obligation I owe to you sir—"

As it was plain that Sampson was bent on a complimentary harangue, unless he received a timely interruption, Mr. Quilp politely tapped him on the crown of his head with the little saucepan, and requested that he would be so obliging as to hold his peace.

"Practical, sir, practical," said Brass, rubbing the place and smiling; "but still extremely pleasant—immensely so!"

"Hearken to me, will you?" returned Quilp, "or I'll be a little more pleasant, presently. There's no chance of his comrade and friend returning. The scamp has been obliged to fly, as I learn, for some knavery, and has found his way abroad. Let him rot there."

"Certainly, sir. Quite proper. Forcible!" cried Brass, glancing at the admiral again, as if he made a third in company. "Extremely forcible!"

"I hate him," said Quilp between his teeth, "and have always hated him, for family reasons. Besides, he was an intractable ruffian; otherwise he would have been of use. This fellow is pigeon-hearted, and light-headed. I don't want him any longer. Let him hang or drown—starve—go to the devil."

"By all means, sir," returned Brass. "When would you wish him, sir, to—ha, ha!—to make that little excursion?"

"When this trial's over," said Quilp. "As soon as that's ended, send him about his business."

"It shall be done, sir," returned Brass; "by all means. It will be rather a blow to Sarah, sir, but she has all her feelings under control. Ah, Mr. Quilp, I often think sir, if it had only pleased Providence to bring you and Sarah together in earlier life, what blessed results would have flowed from such a union. You never saw our dear father, sir? A charming gentleman. Sarah was his pride and joy, sir. He would have closed his eyes in bliss, would Foxey, Mr. Quilp, if he could have found her such a partner. You esteem her, sir?"

"I love her," croaked the dwarf.

"You're very good, sir," returned Brass, "I am sure. Is there any other order, sir, that I can take a note of, besides this little matter of Mr. Richard?"

"None," replied the dwarf, seizing the saucepan. "Let us drink the lovely Sarah."

"If we could do it in something, sir, that wasn't quite boiling," suggested Brass humbly, "perhaps it would be better. I think it will be more agreeable to her feelings, when she comes to hear from me of the honor you have done her, if she learns it was in liquor rather cooler than the last, sir."

But to these remonstrances, Mr. Quilp turned a deaf ear. Sampson Brass, who was by this time anything but sober, being compelled to take further draughts of the same strong bowl, found that, instead of at all contributing to his recovery, they had the novel effect of making the counting-house spin round and round with extreme velocity, and causing the floor and ceiling to heave in a very distressing manner. After a brief stupor, he awoke to a consciousness of being partly under the table, and partly under the grate. This position not being the most comfortable one he could have chosen for himself, he managed to stagger to his feet, and holding on by the admiral, looked round for his host.

Mr. Brass's first impression was, that his host was gone and had left him there alone—perhaps locked him in for the night. A strong smell of tobacco, however, suggesting a new train of ideas, he looked upward, and saw that the dwarf was smoking in his hammock.

"Good bye, sir," cried Brass, faintly. "Good bye, sir."

"Won't you stop all night?"—said the dwarf, peeping out. "Do stop all night."

"I couldn't indeed, sir," replied Brass, who was almost dead from nausea and the closeness of the room. "If you'd have the goodness to show me a light, so that I may see my way across the yard, sir—"

Quilp was out in an instant; not with his legs first, or his head first, or his arms first, but bodily—altogether.

"To be sure," he said, taking up a lantern, which was now the only light in the place. "Be careful how you go, my dear friend. Be sure to pick your way among the timber, for all the rusty nails are upwards. There's a dog in the lane. He bit a man last night, and a woman the night before, and last Tuesday he killed a child—but that was in play. Don't go too near him.'

"Which side of the road is he, sir?" asked Brass, in great dismay.

"He lives on the right hand," said Quilp, "but sometimes he hides on the left, ready for a spring. He's uncertain in that respect. Mind you take care of yourself. I'll never forgive you if you don't—There's the light out—never mind—you know the way—straight on!"

Quilp had slyly shaded the light by holding it against his breast, and now stood chuckling and shaking from head to foot in a rapture of delight, as he heard the lawyer stumbling up the yard, and now and then falling heavily down. At length, however, he got quit of the place, and was out of hearing.

The dwarf shut himself up again, and sprung once more into his hammock.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-THIRD.

The professional gentleman who had given Kit that consolatory piece of information relative to the settlement of his trifle of business at the Old Bailey, and the probability of its being very soon disposed of, turned out to be quite correct in his prognostications. In eight days' time, the sessions commenced. In one day afterward, the Grand Jury found a True Bill against Christopher Nubbles for felony; and in two days from that finding, the aforesaid Christopher Nubbles was called upon to plead Guilty or Not Guilty to an Indictment for that he the said Christopher did feloniously abstract and steal from the dwelling-house and office of one Sampson Brass, gentleman, one Bank Note for Five Pounds issued by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England; in contravention of the Statutes in that case made and provided, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown, and dignity.

To this indictment, Christopher Nubbles, in a low and trembling voice, pleaded Not Guilty: and here let those who are in the habit of forming hasty judgments from appearances, and who would have had Christopher, if innocent, speak out very strong and loud, observe, that confinement and anxiety will subdue the stoutest hearts; and that to one who has been close shut up, though it be only for ten or eleven days, seeing but stone walls and a very few stone faces, the sudden entrance into a great hall filled with life, is a rather disconcerting and startling circumstance. To this it must be added, that life in a wig is to a large class of people much more terrifying and impressive than life with its own head of hair; and if, in addition to these considerations, there be further taken into account Kit's natural emotion on seeing the two Mr. Garlands and the little Notary looking on with pale and anxious faces, it will perhaps seem a matter of no very great wonder that he should have been rather out of sorts, and unable to make himself exactly at home.

Although he had never seen either of the Mr. Garlands, or Mr. Witherden, since the time of his arrest, he had been given to understand that they had employed counsel for him. Therefore, when one of the gentlemen in wigs got up and said "I am for the prisoner my Lord," Kit made him a bow; and when another gentleman in a wig got up and said "And I'm against him my Lord," Kit trembled very much, and bowed to him too. And didn't he hope in his own heart that his gentleman was a match for the other gentleman, and would make him ashamed of himself in no time!

The gentleman who was against him had to speak first, and being in dreadfully good spirits (for he had, in the last trial, very nearly procured the acquittal of a young gentleman who had had the misfortune to murder his father) he spoke up you may be sure; telling the Jury that if they acquitted this prisoner they must expect to suffer no less pangs and agonies than he had told the other Jury they would certainly undergo if they convicted that prisoner. And when he had told them all about the case, and that he had never known a worse case, he stopped a little while, like a man who had something terrible to tell them, and then said that he understood an attempt would be made by his learned friend (and here he looked sideways at Kit's gentleman) to impeach the testimony of those immaculate witnesses whom he should call before them; but he did hope and trust that his learned friend would have a greater respect and veneration for the character of the prosecutor; than whom, as he well knew, there did not exist, and never had existed, a more honorable member of that most honorable profession to which he was attached. And then he said, did the Jury know Bevis Marks? And if they did know Bevis Marks (as he trusted, for their own characters they did) did they know the historical and elevating associations connected with that most remarkable spot? Did they believe that a man like Brass could reside in a place like Bevis Marks, and not be a virtuous and most upright character? And when he had said a great deal to them on this point, he remembered that it was an insult to their understandings to make any remarks on what they must have felt so strongly without him, and therefore called Sampson Brass into the witness-box, straightway.

Then up comes Mr. Brass, very brisk and fresh; and having bowed to the Judge, like a man who has had the pleasure of seeing him before, and who hopes he has been pretty well since their last meeting, folds his arms, and looks at his gentleman as much as to say "Here I am—full of evidence—Tap me!" And the gentleman does tap him presently, and with great discretion too; drawing off the evidence by little and little, and making it run quite clear and bright in the eyes of all present. Then Kit's gentleman takes him in hand, but can make nothing of him; and after a great many very long questions and very short answers, Mr. Sampson Brass goes down in glory.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

☞ REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

New Agent.

J. TOMLIN, Esq. P. M., at Jackson Tenn., has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. Mr. Tomlin is a literary gentleman of some repute, and it gives us pleasure to rank him among our agents.

Hope On! Hope Ever.

Mrs. Howitt we think it is, who has written a book with the above title. The sentiment contains a dozen sermons. There is such a thing as "the blues," a sort of incipient hypochondriasm, which visits some people especially when they are inclined to be bilious as regularly as an old maiden aunt will come to tea. To all such we commend the motto of Mrs. Howitt. They will find it a panacea against every evil. If the crops fail, let them hope for better luck the next time; if a ship is lost at sea let them hope that the next arrival will bring in a profitable venture; if a neighbor becomes bankrupt, let them hope that he will eventually pay them; if your bank stock falls to within a trifle of nothing hope for a re-action; and, in short, whatever evil may beset you, "hope on, hope ever," or say, in the homely language of Jacob Faithful, "better luck next time."

We can always tell whether a man is sanguine or not by his very look. He is generally sleek and fat, while your poor rascals who are given to the "blues" are lean, lanthern-jawed, and cadaverous. We like a good *hoper*. They are your true philosophers after all. Come what may they never despond; the spring of life does not desert them; they always hope for a better fortune. Even the greatest misfortunes cannot dishearten such men. They hope to the last—"nil desperandum" is their motto even in death. We once knew a pattern of this class, who fell overboard at sea, and was rescued, but in a state of insensibility. After he recovered we asked him what he was thinking of up to the moment of losing all sense. "Faith," said he, "exactly of what happened—that you would fish me up again before I was quite dead."

Lord Bacon has somewhere said that "hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper." Few men were wiser than the great chancellor, but even he has said foolish things. We do not find fault with his aphorism, for to a certain extent it is true. But Bacon was not a sanguine man, or he never would have penned that sentiment. Your real hoper never *sups* on hope. It is always his breakfast. If disappointed in one thing he tries another. He does not waste that time in mourning over the past, which might be better employed in providing for the future. Like Percy he takes for his motto "*Esperance*."

While it continues Hope is one of the most powerful passions of the soul. It gilds everything with its rays. It is the author of a large portion of our happiness, especially in youth. And who regrets in his old age that he hoped so much in his earlier life? Alas! the dreams of that portion of our existence are the sweetest spots in our memory. When Walcot was dying a friend asked him what he could do for him. "Give me back my youth," said the poet.

We hear, every day, complaints of the times. It is true they are bad, but then, the best of it is, they are too bad to last long thus. We defy them to get worse. But what is to be done? Shall we sit down and despond? Would that improve matters? No—let us rather hope. No matter what evil befalls one, he can always find some consolation, like the criminal who was going to be hanged, and who said "it was a great comfort to him to hear that his executioner did those sort of things genteelly."

U. S. Bank Case.

The case of the Commonwealth *ex relatione* G. F. Alberti, *versus* the President, Directors, and Company of the U. S. Bank, was decided in the Common Pleas on Monday last, by the unanimous opinion of the Court—the Judges declining to declare a forfeiture of the Charter, under the Resumption resolutions of April, 3rd, 1840. The intense interest which has been felt in this case, induces us to give a short summary of the views of the Court. The President, Judge King, assumed four positions, which we cannot better give than in his own words. He said,

"I shall *first* inquire, whether, according to any admissible construction of the Act incorporating the Bank of the United States, the Legislature have retained the same power to alter, or repeal its charter, which it is admitted to possess in reference to the Banks incorporated under the provisions of the general Banking Law. *Second*, whether, supposing in the grant of the charter of this Bank, no such power has been reserved, the Legislature can, consistently with the *Constitutions of the United States*, and of the State, modify this charter in the *manner proposed* by the Resolutions of April 3, 1840. *Third*, whether the assent of the corporation is essential to render the resolutions operative on this Bank; and if so, whether such assent must be proved or will be inferred by the Court. And, *lastly*, whether, according to the true construction of the resolutions, they can properly be regarded as embracing any Banks, other than those incorporated under the provisions of the Act of March, 1824, which being the law usually extended to all Banks created or continued since its date, I have termed the General Banking Law."

Under the first head the learned Judge observed, that all other Banks in the Commonwealth, except the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia Banks, were liable, under the Act of 1824 *incorporating* them, to have their charters removed or altered, whenever the Legislature thought them injurious to the public. There was no such provision, however, in the charter of the U. S. Bank, either plainly or impliedly expressed. On the contrary, the history of the incorporation showed, that an attempt to introduce such a provision into the charter failed, and that after numerous efforts made by the minority of the Legislature to that effect, the attempt was given up. He therefore was decided in his opinion, that the Legislature had reserved no right to annul the charter of the U. S. Bank, except in the way stipulated in the Act of Incorporation.

The second question also the Judge decided in the negative. In examining this point he first inquired whether a Bank charter was a contract, and secondly, if so, whether the resumption resolutions of 1840 altered or infringed that contract. Under the first of those subdivisions, the Judge cited the celebrated case of *Dartmouth College vs. Woodward*, decided in the Supreme Court of the U. S. and which has governed all the subsequent decisions on this point. There, a charter granted by George III. to Dartmouth College, was declared to be a contract, *and binding on the State of New Hampshire*. Many other cases of equal force were quoted. All doubt on this point ceased, the Judge continued, when the terms in which the charter was granted were taken into view—the words used expressing a consideration for the charter, and such a consideration being actually paid to the amount of five millions. Under the second subdivision, the Judge said, that the resumption resolutions, by providing a summary method to abrogate the charter in 10 days after refusing to pay out specie, whereas the Act of Incorporation allowed the Bank 3 months to redeem her notes in silver or gold, infringed on the vested rights of the stockholders, because it impaired their contract, and increased their penalties. Moreover, the resumption resolutions provided for the abrogation of Bank charters summarily, and by the decree of a Judge; whereas the old method of proceeding by *scire facias* gave to those institutions the trial by jury. He questions whether, in any case, a Bank could be deprived of this old common law privilege. He was certain the U. S. Bank was protected against the penalties of the resumption resolutions. To close this enquiry, he cited the case of the *Sheriff vs.* The *Tombeckbee Bank*, (1 Stewart's Reports 30,) decided in Alabama, in 1830, and which was so analogous, in all its important features to this case, that, had it been decided in the Supreme Courts of the U. States or Pennsylvania, he should have considered it binding on him. As it was, the case was of some influence. The resumption resolutions therefore, did not affect the U.S. Bank.

To his third query, the Judge replied, that the assent of the corporation was essential to any modification of the contract contained in the charter, and consequently necessary to make the resumption resolutions binding on the U. S. Bank. No evidence had been produced of such an assent. Nor could the court infer it. The stockholders had done nothing to imply any assent thereto.

The fourth and last enquiry was also answered in the negative. The legal construction of all statutes, is if possible to be such that it may not render them contradictory or unconstitutional.—To extend the resumption resolutions to the U. S. Bank would be to declare them unconstitutional. He would rather construe them differently, and thus save their legality. They did not consequently embrace that institution.

The Judge closed by expressing a hope that the case might be carried up to the Supreme Court, in order that the opinion of our highest judicatory might be known on so important a subject.

Our readers, from this brief digest, can draw their own conclusions. The case is one of mere law, and has no reference to party politics. It will form a landmark in jurisprudence.

The Court intimated that if the Bank was proceeded against, under the provision of the charter, they would, at the end of the ninety days, feel themselves bound to proceed to annul her charter as therein provided.

Extra Session of Congress.

It will be seen, by the following Proclamation, that the new Congress is to be assembled on the 31st of May.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas sundry important and weighty matters, principally growing out of the condition of the revenue and finances of the country, appear to me to call for the consideration of Congress at an earlier day than its next annual session, and thus form an extraordinary occasion, such as renders necessary, in my judgment, the convention of the two Houses as soon as may be practicable, I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, convene the two Houses of Congress, to meet in the Capitol at the city of Washington, on the last Monday, being the thirty-first, of May next. And I require the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble, in order to receive such information respecting the state of the Union as may be given to them, and to devise and adopt such measures as the good of the country may seem to them, in the exercise of their wisdom and discretion, to require.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

[L. S.] Done at the city of Washington, this seventeenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-fifth.

W. H. HARRISON.

By the President:
DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.

The United States Brig Dolphin, Capt. Bell.

The following is an extract from a letter of an officer on board the Dolphin, dated 28th February last, at Port Praya, Cape de Verde: "We sailed from New York under sealed orders, which were opened after our arrival at Cape de Verd Islands, when it was made known we were destined to the Rio Nunez, and ordered to second that river and there redress the wrongs done our commerce by some of the native kings, i. e. pirates, living on the banks of that river. In pursuance of these orders, with the U. S. schooner Grampus in company, we passed the territory of King Joloof, and after many difficulties and much risk from shoals and sand banks, reached Walkerid, in the dominion of the King of Scarah, a powerful prince, and the most noted pirate and robber in this part of the world. Some time since he plundered our vessels, and ill-treated our seamen, and it was to redress these wrongs that we now visited his capital.

The two vessels anchored off the town all in readiness to reduce it to ashes. At first his sable *majesty* treated us as if he did not fear our threats, but on second thoughts, he became extremely courteous, complied with all our demands, and rendered all the satisfaction required. Our mission ended, we lost no time in descending the river on our way to Sierra Leone."

Trial of Robinson.

The trial of Robinson for the murder of Mr. Suydam at New Brunswick, has occupied the attention of the Court there during the past week. The evidence, although wholly circumstantial, was of the strongest character. On Wednesday afternoon the case was closed, when Chief Justice Hornblower proceeded to deliver the charge, which occupied two hours and a quarter. The jury then retired, and in less than an hour brought in a verdict of "GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE." On Thursday morning, sentence was pronounced upon the prisoner, to be hung in the jail yard at New Brunswick, on Friday morning the 16th of April, between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. During the delivery of the sentence the judge was greatly agitated, and at its close shed tears. The prisoner, however, seemed not in the least affected. His demeanor is described as being stony and trifling in the last degree. The atrocity of the deed is only equalled by the callousness of the perpetrator.

Naval.

The U. S. sloops of war Yorktown, Capt. John H. Aulick, and Dale, Capt. Charles Gauntt, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, on the 25th of January, in 45 days from Norfolk, on their way to the Pacific Ocean. The frigate Constellation, Capt. Storer, from Boston, and the store ship Relief, Lieut. Com. John S. Nicholas, from New York, reached the same port on the 23d. The U. S. sloops of war Boston and the frigate Constitution were there awaiting the arrival of Com. Kearney. The U. S sloop of war Marion is being repaired. The Decatur is at Buenos Ayres, and the Enterprise on a cruise.

A good Appointment.

It is rumored, that P. R. Freas, Esq. of Germantown, is, or is to be, the Marshall for the Eastern District. We hope that there is truth in this rumor, as no appointment could give more universal satisfaction, for, what is singular, the presses of both political parties are already praising the appointment, and we, without violating neutrality, must be allowed to hint, that no man better qualified to discharge the duties of the office satisfactorily could possibly be selected.

Harnden's Express.

We are indebted to Lawrence, of Harnden's express, for copies of Boston papers containing the foreign news. This express promises to be of vast utility to Philadelphia, and the gentlemanly department of the agents must secure it patronage. On the first of April a baggage car will be attached for the purpose of conveying packages.

Mrs. Gove's Lectures.

We call attention to the card of Mrs. Gove in our advertising columns. Mrs. Gove will give a lecture on the Circulation of the Blood and the Effects of Compression, at the Philadelphia Museum, on Monday evening next at seven o'clock.

Latest Foreign News.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

Twenty-Two Days later from England—Dreadful Calamity! Loss of the American Ship Governor Fenner, off Holyhead, 107 Lives Lost. Full Particulars—Parliamentary Debates—The McLeod Difficulty. Trial of Lord Cardigan for Felony—"Interesting Situation" of Her Majesty—Late News from Turkey, Egypt and Syria.—Inundations in France—The French Fortifications—Spain—Portugal—Prussia and Holland, &c. &c.

By Harnden's Express, we have received extras of the Boston papers of the 20th inst. announcing the arrival of the steam ship Caledonia at that place, via Halifax, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 4th of March. By this conveyance we have Liverpool papers to the 4th—London papers to the 3d—and Havre papers to the 2nd inclusive.

We hasten to publish all the news of importance. The most startling intelligence is that of the loss of the American Packet Ship Governor Fenner, with 107 souls. As she was full of emigrants, we publish the names of the sufferers, in order that their friends in this country may know their melancholy fate.

The wreck of the Governor Fenner was fallen in with on the Sunday morning after the catastrophe, about sixteen miles to the westward of the Skerries. It had apparently been split in two parts, and the stern was gone. The cargo, among which was a quantity of iron, had, doubtless, fallen out, and the hull, recovering its buoyancy, floated again. Two men were found in the rigging; they were quite dead, but did not appear to have been long so. A trunk was also found on board, its contents showed that it had belonged to McIntyre, a gardener, one of the passengers.

It has been stated, and if true, it is a remarkable fact, that some of the people on board the Nottingham, after the collision, and when the Governor Fenner's bowsprit was over the deck, thinking that the steamer was likely to sink, attempted to get on board the ship by getting on the bowsprit. The attempt did not fortunately succeed, from the difficulty of their making their way, and the failure was the means of saving their lives.

List of the Passengers and Crew.—The following list of persons on board the ship may be relied upon; and though the occupation of the "laborer" attaches to a large number, the passengers generally were superior in circumstances to the usual run of similarly numerous bodies of emigrants, many of them being respectable farmers and tradespeople, the name "laborer" being for the most part, technical, some designation being required by law:

Passengers.—William Tome, aged 40; Philip Duffy, 28; and James Taylor, 30; farmers. Benjamin Whitehead, aged 27; Patrick Gibney, 19; John Ashworth, 29; James Neddham, 33; Henry Ryal, 34; John Sinclair, 22; Patrick Halley, 36; David Boyd, 24; Bernard McIlroy, 23; Thomas Garside, 26; Emanuel Hague, 22; John France, 26; Robert Miller, 32; James Johnson, 50; John Criswell, 21; Stephen Kavanah, 35; John McElroy, 26; Gordon McElroy, 32; Patrick Doyle, 18; Patrick Egan, 26; William Corgan, 13; Henry Watts, 27; —— Quayle, 32; John Quayle, 20; Patrick McVeigh, 31; John McEvoy, 24; George Twells, 32; John Stokes, 22; John Reilly, 28; Joshua Schelfield, 35; Edward Redmond, 30; Richard Faller, 24; Andrew Mercer, 23; John Kelly, 21; Patrick McNally, 26; Owen Flanaky, 30; William Fitzpatrick, 30; Philip Tully, 24; Dennis Brennan, 26; Michael Murphey, 28; John Maher, 23; Charles Feeny, 27; John Ryan, 28; James Dolan, 22; Patrick Burke, 30; George Burgess, 35; Abram Wilkinson, 30; John McIntyre, 30; John Kelly, 30; and Patrick McAvoy, 24, laborers. Michael McCormick, 35; and Henry Wood; Mrs. Ryal, 30, and infant; Elizabeth Ryal, 6; Mrs. Halley, 30, and infant; Mrs. Boyd, 21; Mrs. Milley, 26; Ellen Quayle, 17; Jane Quayle, 16; Mary Anne Quayle, 15; Mary McVeigh, 20; Mrs. Redmond, 40, and infant; Joseph Redmond, 4; Mrs. McNally, 22; Mary Tinman, 26, spinster; Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 28, and infant; James Fitzpatrick, 4; Jane Fitzpatrick, 50; Mary Tully, 20; Catharine Grandy, 24, and infant; Margaret Feeney, 21; Sarah Ryan, 16; and Mrs. McIntyre, 26. Altogether 55 male adults and three children; 15 female adults and child, and four infants. Total 81.

Crew.—William Shilstone, second mate, of Bristol; Caleb Brazier, cook, William Reid, John Smith, John Webb, Frederick Selheld, John Monroe (the second mate of the Belvidere), William Collins, John Smith, David Pidgeon, George Duncan Clark, and John Davies, seamen.

There were also several other passengers, making it is said, 107 in all. The greater number were Irish. The Governor Fenner was a ten year old ship, built at New York, and recently repaired at Liverpool, and strengthened, at an expenditure of $8000, with a number of iron knees. She was about 500 tons burden, and was considered in every respect one of the best and most seaworthy of the vessels of her class.

The following is the account given by Mr. Carter, the mate of the Gov. Fenner, of the collision:

"About five minutes past two o'clock, on Saturday morning, we saw the lights of a steamboat. It was my watch on deck, and I immediately called the captain. The steamboat came up about a point and a half on our weather-bow, we having at the time our larboard tacks on board. We thought she was coming on head to us. We had no light but that of the binnacle, on the quarter-deck; and, I believe, it is not considered necessary or prudent for sailing vessels, clear of the land, to carry a light. We waited as much as five or six minutes to find out what way the steamer was really coming, and then the captain ordered the man at the wheel to put the helm hard a-port, so as to give her a clear berth.

If the steamboat had done the same, we should have gone clear of each other a long way—perhaps a mile. The Captain, as soon as he ordered the wheel to be put up, went forward to look out. I then looked over the larboard side, abaft the main rigging and saw the whole bulk of the steamer. I said to the man at the helm, "She is on board of us." This was about a quarter past two o'clock. The vessels came in contact, notwithstanding our ship was paying off. When the crash took place, I heard the Captain call out several times, "For God's sake, save yourselves, the ship is sinking." The jibboom of the ship struck the funnel of the steamer, and her bowsprit afterwards rested on her. On the third surge she gave, I believe, down she went, bow foremost. The taffrail was the last thing we saw of her. She filled very quickly. She had on board a heavy cargo, including a quantity of iron and other heavy goods. The watch on the deck at the time consisted of seven men, the captain and myself. All the others on board were asleep below.

The captain also sang out to the man at the helm to relieve the wheel. He was formerly mate of the Belvidere, and came on board to work his passage to America, and we intended to make him second mate of the ship next day. All the men, at first, went forward with me to the Captain, who was standing between the night heads, but they afterwards went aft, as the ship sunk, to be, as I supposed on the higher part of her hull.—I stood some time, attempted to go aft, with a view to save my wife and others, by lowering a boat. She, however, sunk so fast that I was obliged to give up the idea in despair. I left the Captain and went to the starboard side.

I stood there a few seconds, till the water was, perhaps, two feet deep, so far aft as the mainmast, and was fast gathering still further aft, her head being then nearly under. I scarcely know what afterwards occurred. I got up, somehow, into the fore rigging, and thence to the larboard foreyards, which then crossed the steamer. When the ship sunk so far that I was from six to eight feet of the steamer's deck, I let go, and dropped down among some sheep. I lay sometime rather confused, and did not attempt to rise, as I thought I might become entangled with a rope which passed over my shoulders, and, as I thought, was part of the bowsprit running-rigging of the ship. I then got up.

The cry on board the steamer was that she was sinking; and, I believe, a passenger on board lowered the boat left on the davits, on the larboard side, but she unhooked from the tackles when she touched the water, and, the painter not being fast, she drifted away from the vessel. All the lights they could muster in the steamer were lighted for some time. The engineers and others went below, and found that though she was leaky they could keep her free. She had her fore and aft sails and fore top sail set at the same time.—I was on board about three quarters of an hour before I found that the captain of the ship was there. I had seen my wife, who was a little seasick, about twenty minutes before in her berth, and gave her a drink.

The Captain, when I first saw him in the steamer, was without his hat, and on seeing him (informant) he said. "Good God, is this you! is there any of the crew saved?" I said, "I do not know; I did not know what became of you after I missed you off the ship's bow." Her hull was under water before I got off. The foreyard, from which I dropped; was broken on the steamer as she was going down, and also, I believe, the topsail yard, as our foretopmast studdingsail boom, which was rigged out at the same time, (the wind having been for some time fair in the evening,) was left on the steamer's deck. I afterwards looked, but could see nothing of the ship or her masts. The last time I observed the watch on deck, they were on the starboard side of the quarter deck. One man sung out, "For God Almighty's sake save me!" I did not hear the others. I had a quantity of my wife's and my own clothing and other articles on board worth about £30. All were lost.

Turkey, Egypt, and Syria.

The Levant mail arrived in London on the 3d inst. with intelligence from Turkey, Egypt, and Syria, but the news is of little importance.

The dates from Constantinople are to the 8th ult. On the 4th a conference was held at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, between the Ambassadors of the four Allied Powers and Redschid Pasha, who had entirely recovered from his late illness. Nothing had transpired respecting the object.

The Sublime Porte announced on the 4th, in a proclamation, the conclusion of the Egyptian question.

The Sultan expressed to Masloum Bey his satisfaction at the manner in which he had conducted the negotiations with Mehemet Ali.

The whole Ottoman fleet had reached the Bay of Marmorice, and on the 5th a portion of it set sail for Constantinople. The rest was to have followed in a day or two.

Advices from Alexandria are to the 7th ult.—Ibrahim Pasha was expected at Alexandria or at Damietta, to ascend the Nile on the 8th or 9th ult.

The Plague still continued at Alexandria and Rosetta.

The Turkish forces under General Jochmus were at Jaffa, and all attempts to interfere with the retreating army had been relinquished. Up to that moment, however, preparations for an attack had been preserved in; for on the same day, 2d ult. letters arrived at Alexandria from Beyrout by the Emmetic packet, (three days en route,) stating that they were shipping cannons there for the attack on Gaza.

U. S. Bank.

The news of the suspension of specie payments by the United States and other Banks, had been received in England. The effect was not so disastrous as had been expected—but time enough had not elapsed to test its results. As far as known, however, the depression of American securities was great—United States Bank being quoted at low and merely nominal prices.

The bills drawn by the United States Bank on the house of Morrison & Co. had been accepted. One difficulty therefore, that had been anticipated, seems to be removed.

No news had been received overland, either from India or China. We have therefore, no later dates from the East, than have been already published.

Lord Cardigan had been tried in the House of Lords, on accusations arising out of his duel with Capt. Reynolds, and acquitted. The occasion was one of imposing solemnity. A portion of the public seemed to be much dissatisfied with the result.

The general aspect of European affairs was pacific—but it was said that England and the Allied Powers intended to remonstrate against the warlike demonstrations of France.

The Caroline Affair.

We have contradictory accounts in relation to public opinion in England as to the Caroline affair.

We have just seen a paper, however, containing Parlimentary Debates, in one of which we observe that Lord John Russell said, in reply to a question from Sir J. Graham, that the pension to be granted for Lieut. McCormick, was recommended for wounds received in the "cutting-out" of the Caroline.

It was rumored in Paris, that the French Government had offered to mediate between England and the United States, in relation to the McLeod affair.

War Movement in France.

In the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Soult had presented a bill for the levy of 80,000 men; and for increasing the term from 7 to 8 years. The deputies had already adopted the measure.

An animated debate had taken place in the Chamber of Deputies, on a proposition to vote a large sum for secret service money. The result was favorable to the Ministry by a large majority.

All was quiet in France. The Ministry had majorities in both Houses, and all Home questions were in a fair way of settlement.

Portugal.

All the recent military demonstrations consequent upon the anticipated rupture with Spain, have been annulled, and the projected works of defence discontinued; the government has directed its attention to the measure, which has long been a favorite one, of dissolving the national guard, and reconstructing it on the principle of the old militia.

The Portuguese Government is sadly in want of funds for domestic purposes, and the financial affairs of the country are described generally as presenting a very gloomy appearance.

Destruction of Wynyard House.

On the night of the 26th ult. the splendid mansion of the Marquis of Londonderry, near Stockton-upon-Tees, was destroyed by fire, supposed to have originated in the overheated flues of the conservatory. The loss is stated to be between £300,000 and £400,000. The Marquis is *en route* to Italy from Malta and Turkey. The house had been left in the charge of his servants.

Holland and Belgium.

New Belgian Loan.—M. M. Rothschild, brothers, of Paris, have just concluded the details of the new Belgian loan, amounting to 83,000,000 in capital, and 90,000,000 in securities.

The immense work of cutting a channel in the sea from Nieumedeep to Amsterdam, has been completed in spite of great difficulties.

From Spain.

The Madrid dates are to the 21st ult. The Government had concentrated a large force in the neighborhood of Vittoria, which threatened to arrest the Alcalde and Deputy General of the Province, should they refuse to instal a Judge appointed by the Regency.

Greece.

It is stated that the finances of the kingdom of Greece were becoming daily more prosperous—that there were upwards of 3,000,000 drachmas in the treasury, and that 1,000,000 francs had been lately forwarded to France to pay the interest of the loan.

The British Navy.

Lord Palmerston, in the course of a debate on the British Navy, said that it was necessary for England to keep up her navy, if it were only to make peace permanent. This hint should not be lost in this country.

West India Steam Packets.

The first of those steamers intended to carry the Mail between Great Britain and the West India Islands was lately launched at Greenock. Her tonnage is 1800.

Burned to Death.

Two hundred and forty-five children have been burnt to death during the past year in the city of Westminster, and the eastern division of Middlesex.

Her Majesty.

The Globe (Ministerial paper) announces that her Majesty is again in an "interesting situation," at once exciting the hopes and sympathies of the nation.

New Publications.

NOTES ON THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA DURING A PHRENOLOGICAL TOUR IN 1838-9 and 40—*by George Combe*—*2 vols.*—*Carey & Hart.*—This is a journal, kept by the well-known phrenologist Combe, during his visit to this country. It contains much valuable information, and discusses many questions of moral, political and scientific interest, with considerable freedom. Mr. Combe is one of the most profound thinkers of the day, and does not put pen to paper without much previous cogitation. Even he, however, is not wholly free from the prejudices of birth and education, although as a liberal writer upon the United States, he is not excelled even by Hamilton or Murray.

Let it not be supposed that this publication is wholly devoted to phrenological science. It is far from it. The greatest enemies of craniology will be as much interested in the book, as the warmest friends of that science. There is, in fact, very little, comparatively speaking, of the author's hobby in the work, although there is sufficient on that subject to make the publication valuable to his disciples. The book, however, is chiefly devoted to a description of the impressions made on the author by the manners, and laws of the American people. He seems, indeed to have gained a pretty clear insight into our institutions. We would instance his remarks on the Harrisburg riots as a proof of this. On the whole a more readable, and at the same time, instructive book, has not appeared this season. Every one must be curious to learn what a mind like that of Combe thinks of our country.

NEW BOOKS.—We understand that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, have in press, a choice selection of American and English Works, among which are the following:—

Lives of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland; a beautiful edition, in three volumes, royal 12mo; Alda, the British Captive, by Miss Strickland; The Dowager, a novel, by Mrs. Gore; Characteristics of Goethe, translated and arranged by Miss Austin; The Queen of Flowers of Memoirs of the Rose, with colored plates; The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, by Babbage, 1vol 8vo; Greeville, a novel, by Mrs. Gore; Carleton, a tale of the Revolution, by an American, 2vs 12mo; Colin Clink, complete, in 2vs 12mo; The History of a Flirt, a novel, 2vs 12mo; A Treatise on the Human Teeth, with plates, by Robertson; A Treatise on Midwifery, by Dr. Rigby; A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, by Dr. Griffith, in 1vol 8vo; The Principles and Practice of Medicine, by Professor Dunglison; Ramsbotham's Plates, illustrative of the Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine and Surgery, in super royal 8vo; The Red Spur of Ramapo, by the author of Greyslaer; Beauchampe, a Romance, by the author of Richard Hurdis, &c.; The Siege of Florence, a Romance; The Letters of Horace Walpole, a new edition; The Speeches of Lord Brougham, complete; The History of Ireland, by Thomas Moore, complete in 1vol; The Poetical Works of Moore, a fine edition, to match Scott, Hemans, &c.

THE QUADROONE, OR ST. MICHAEL'S DAY—*A Novel*—*by the Author of Lafitte, &c.*—*2 vols.*—*Harper & Brothers.*—This is the age for light reading. Novels, romances, and tales are the order of the day. From the scholar to the sophomore, all are engaged in the manufacture of fictitious works of more or less value, according to the talents, taste, or information of the writer.—The press teems with such productions, although one half of them might be dispensed with, and the other half benefit but little the public mind. Money is the chief aim of the authors, and as as they add to their income, and thus gain a few new luxuries by writing a novel, they care not whether the book will survive a twelve-month or no.—"*Dum Vivimus Vivamus*,"—"While we live, let us live," is their motto.

The Quadroone is one of the second rate class of novels. It is a pleasant book; and that is all. The characters, without being original, are not unnatural; the incidents, though not absorbing, follow each other in pleasing succession; and the plot is evolved, if not with skill, at least with interest. Amid the late publication of more sterling works of fiction, such as The Old Curiosity Shop, Night and Morning, and Charles O'Malley, this romance, however, will be likely to fall into a partial shade.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF MIND, *a poem, delivered before the Philomathean Society of Penn. College*—*By J. N. M'Jilton.*—This is a lengthy poem, written in blank verse, without any particular plot, but abounding with fine descriptive passages. It is, however, very unequal. The author, we think, has essayed a longer flight than he could sustain, especially in the time allotted to the composition of the poem. Mr. M'Jilton is, we believe, still a young man, and has written several shorter poetical pieces of merit. Let him husband his strength, and he may in time become an author of repute. We say this in all kindness.

ARCTURUS, A JOURNAL OF BOOKS AND OPINIONS—*March, 1841,*—*J. W. Scammell, agent, 87 Dock street.*—This is an excellent number. The leading article, is a sharp review from the pen of Dr. Hawes, of a work entitled Association and Reform, in which it is attempted to establish a New State of Society on the principle of a combination of Labor. There is an excellent article on the "Characteristic Writers," and several other excellent papers.

VISIT TO THIRTEEN ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE IN EUROPE—*by Pliny Earle, M. D.*—We acknowledge the receipt of this valuable work, and regret have we had time as yet only for a cursory perusal. It abounds with valuable statistics. To the physician, the philanthropist, or the statesman it is an invaluable publication. The work is published by *N. Dobson 108 Chesnut street.*

THE MUSICAL REPORTER—*Feb. and March.*—J. W. Scammell, has laid upon our table a new periodical with the above title. It appears to be an interesting publication, especially to the lovers of Music—and who are not such?

E. LITTELL & Co. have laid on our table, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, of Ten Thousand a Year, and No. 2, of Master Humphrey's Clock. They are got up in good style, and furnished at a price which places them within the reach of all.

BOTANIC MEDICAL REFORMER *for March*, is on our table, filled as usual with excellent matter.

Mormons.

The Mormons have established quite a city in Nauvoo, Illinois, and it appears that one of the municipal regulations of the place is, that no whiskey is allowed to be sold in less quantities than one gallon, and any other liquor in less than a quart, unless on a prescription of a physician. The University of Nauvoo has been duly organized by the election of a chancellor and trustees.

James Kelly, A. M. an Alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin, has been elected President of the University. The Nauvoo Legion has also been organized, and the officers have been selected. The council have passed a vote of thanks to the State government for the favors it has conferred, and to the citizens of Quincy for the protection received when driven from Missouri.

Fashions for the Season.

Bonnets.—Several have recently appeared, composed of black velvet, lined with rose-colored ruche. Velvet and velours epingle continue their vogue; a great many bonnets of the latter are of light colors, as white, green color, and lilac. There is a great variety of trimmings; some are adorned with roses pompons, others with sprigs of lilac or honeysuckles.

Cloaks and Shawls.—Cashmere are more in request than they have been for several winters past; their very large size, as well as their uncommon beauty, makes us not wonder at the preference given them.

Morning Dress.—Peignoirs have lost nothing of their vogue. The materials for them are cashmere, mousseline de laine, and foulards. The colors are always quiet, without being very dark. Peignoirs are lined and wadded, plaited behind, and without seams in front; they are trimmed in the shawl style, either with velvet, peluche, or gros de Naples. The sleeves are demi-large to the wrist, which is confined by a band; we have seen a few, but indeed very few, with sleeves quite tight. Peignoirs are always open in front, and the under dress, either of muslin or cambric, is trimmed with embroidered flounces.

Evening Dress.—Velvet is in the greatest vogue for robes, always fashionable at this season of the year; it is now more so than ever. Among the most elegant, those of azure blue, trimmed with a deep blonde lace flounce, looped in festoons by red roses, forming a demi-wreath above each festoon; the roses are of a small size, and diminish from the centre to the extremities of the half wreath. Other robes, composed of velvet of different colors, are trimmed with two deep falls of English point lace, disposed en tablier; they are headed with a twisted rouleau of gold or silver ribbon, according to the style of the jewellery, and terminate at the bottom in a coquille, to which a knot of ribbon is attached. Several velvet dresses, particularly those of full colors, as the deeper shades of red, are made to open on apricot-colored satin petticoats; the latter ornamented with a deep flounce of point lace. The corsage of the robe is made a la Chatelaine, and trimmed with a band of ermine divided en V on the front; the round of the robe is encircled with a deeper band of the same costly fur.

Jewellery.—The most remarkable articles are pins and bracelets, called Algerine; the pins have large heads, composed of diamonds, gold, or colored stones, and with small cords and tassels, the latter composed of either pearls or small diamonds, suspended under the head of the pin; the bracelets are of gold, and fasten at the side by scrolls and tassels, these bracelets have a pretty, and, we must add, a coquettish effect, because, from their make, they must, at every movement of the arm, draw attention to it.

New Process of Copying Statues.

An ingenious instrument, ascribed to M. Collas, has been invented in France, which professes to copy, without the assistance of an artist, and with extreme correctness, any medal, bas relief, whether of wax, plaister, wood, marble, or metal; to reduce or enlarge its dimensions without impairing the harmony of its proportions, and to copy it on wood, stone, ivory, or marble, with an accuracy such that the artist himself could not distinguish the original from the copy. All this the Collas process is stated to accomplish easily, and at an inconsiderable cost. "We have already admired," says a Paris journal, "the bas reliefs of the Parthenon, the originals of which are in London; the Venus of Milo, still so beautiful, despite of her mutilation; and several other precious models, reduced to proportions of two-fifths or a half, with a truth scarcely conceivable. The Parthenon metopes, those venerable monuments of art at its origin, are moulded in plaister, with their parts worn by time and their mutilated projectures. We have also remarked several large bas reliefs reduced on steatite to the proportions of a cameo. Nothing is wanting in them. The most fugitive details are seen with a lens in those beautiful copies."

The Boundary Question.

A Report has been made, in the Senate of Maine, on the subject of the N. E. Boundary, by Mr. Davis, from the Committee on that question. The Report was read, and with the accompanying resolutions laid on the table, and 1000 copies ordered to be printed.

The Report is at great length, going at large into the history and present position of the Boundary question, and contains much interesting matter.

We defer, says the Augusta Age, commenting upon this document, until we shall see it in print. At present, it is sufficient to say, that it does not advise any immediate action by the State, or indicate definitely any future period when the State ought to act; but proposes to call upon the Federal Government, forthwith to repel the invasion of the State, and if necessary, to secure us against future invasion, to take military possession of the Disputed Territory.

One of the resolutions declares, that the proceedings connected with the proposed joint commission of survey and settlement, ought to be closed within the present year.

Americans in Paris.

There is quite a galaxy of American talent in Paris at present. The Rev. Dr. Wayland, of Providence, is there gathering stores for his already fertile mind. The Rev. Dr. Woods, of Brunswick, is examining all the literary institutions, and attending the public lectures, with great relish. Prof. Sparks is ransacking all the old revolutionary documents, and finds unexpected wealth—some things which throw more honor yet on some of our revolutionary patriots. Professor Brooks is devoting himself with great success to the science of Natural History, that he may benefit his country, on his return. Mrs. Sigourney is attracting much attention, and a deservedly very popular. She will publish a complete edition of her works in London. Mr. Espy is also there, and the "Institute" think well of his theory. They will present a report on his storm philosophy.

In England, most of these same individuals would have passed nearly unnoticed. Indeed, there is not two capitals in the world more different in this respect than London and Paris.

War with England.

On the subject of a war between England and America, the London Journal of Commerce holds the following language:

"We have no fear of a war between the United States and this country. The Americans know their own interest, and appreciate their own situation thoroughly; they know that all wars are detrimental to the production of wealth; and they further know, that a war between England and the United States, though it be temporarily disastrous to English trade and manufactures, would utterly destroy the system of credit on which ultimately depends all their undertakings and obligations. The magnitude of national and individual interests is the best bond of peace. The greater the commercial relations between the two nations, the greater is the security for the maintenance of peace. Can either country have a better reason for abandoning a system which restricts their commercial operations?"

The Archimedes Screw.

The British government has determined to adopt the Archimedes Screw for propelling steam ships in her navy. England is not the first however to avail themselves of this invention. Measures have already been taken on the Continent for the construction of several steamers on the principal of the Archimedes. In Bremen a company has been formed for the construction of several large steamers propelled by the screw, as soon as the vessels are ready, they are intended to run regularly between that city and New York.

Boston.

The last report of the Boston House of Correction states that of 711, the whole number of prisoners committed during the year, 371 were sentenced as "common drunkards," and that 277 of the whole number sentenced, were under 25 years of age.

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Proceedings Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. S. Jane is our general travelling agent, assisted by G. R. F. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

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☞ J. R. McIlvaine, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We cordially commend him.

☞ Wm. McGary is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

☞ D. A. Bulkley, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine all re presentations by others to the contrary notwithstanding We cordially commend him.

☞ J. Irish, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorized to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Wm. H. Tuty, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent, vice Anne Ammanson, Esq. resigned.

To Correspondents.

—M. M. L.'s poetry has been received, and shall appear.

—"Oh! there's a soft and gentle rock" is on file for insertion.

The "Bellmarian's Fairy &c." to which our correspondent alludes, had been mislaid, or they would have appeared before. Several of our correspondent's poetical pieces were excellent.

"The Rosebud Girl" is accepted. Our correspondent will take it kindly, we hope, when we say that a little more care would greatly improve his verse.

—D. cannot appear.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Harrisburg, March 17, 1841.

Senate.—A message was received from the Governor, nominating Thos. Sergeant, Thos. Burnside to be President Judge of the Judicial District composed of the counties of Montgomery and Bucks—(Judge Fox's District.)

Mr. Spackman, from the Committee on Banks, reported a bill to repeal all the penal provisions against banks for not paying their notes in specie, and leaving them in the hands of the common law. The bill was made the order of the day for to-morrow.

Mr. Barclay, from the Committee on Corporations, reported a bill for the incorporation of Coal and Iron Companies in this commonwealth.

Mr. Sellers, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill to abolish the premium on Silks and Horse Multinsulin, &c.

The bill providing for the election of Deputy Attorney General by the people, came up in order on second reading. A motion was made by Mr. Brown to strike out the provision inserted in Committee of the Whole yesterday, which excepts the Attorney General in the city of Philadelphia. Not agreed to. No final action was had upon the bill.

The amendments made by the House to the bill for the relief of contractors on the public improvements, were discussed and finally then postponed for the present without definite action.

Confirmed.—The nomination of Joseph Keller as Associate Judge for the county of Monroe, was unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

Rejected.—The nomination of Jacob Grab for Associate Judge in the county of Lancaster, was rejected—ayes 13, nays 16.

House.—On motion of Mr. Law the Judiciary were instructed to enquire into the expediency of providing further for bringing suits of experiment against non-resident owners of unseated Lands.

The Bill to provide compensation to Prothonotaries for recording election returns, was lost in second reading. Yeas 27 nays 35.

Harrisburg, March 18, 1841.

The Bank bill was considered and run through committee of the whole without amendment. It authorizes the issue of small notes for a period of five years, and repeals all the penalties incurred by the Banks for refusing to pay specie for their liabilities.

The bill to incorporate the Lancaster County Bank passed second reading, with a provision requiring a bonus from the Bank of $10,000 for its charter.

Harrisburg, March 19, 1841.

Immediately after the House assembled in the afternoon the vote was taken on the 1st section of the bill (Mr. Hinchman's) and it was negatived by a vote of 49 yeas and 49 nays.

Messrs Smith and Dilworth who had voted in the negative for that purpose then moved to reconsider the vote just given, but the reconsideration was disagreed to by a vote of 46 to 47.

The Senate were discussing all day Mr. Spackman's bank bill. A number of amendments were made in the details, and a few of Mr. Hinchman's bill's provisions were incorporated into it, after which the bill passed second reading.

Harrisburg, March 20, 1841.

Senate.—Mr. Spackman's *Bank Bill* came up in order, and passed final reading. Yeas 16, nays 14. Mr. Smith, of Bucks, voted in the negative.

Mr. Fleming introduced a bill for the regulation of the militia of this Commonwealth.

Lancaster County Bank.—The bill incorporating that institution passed final reading, and was sent to the House. Yeas 12, nays 11.

House.—Messrs. Sayers, Cox, and Penniman each gave notice of their intention severally to bring in a bill.

Negatived.—The bill allowing certain contractors to use the Commonwealth canal came up on third reading, and was negatived. Yeas 42, nays 44.

Baltimore Railroad.—The bill to incorporate the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Company was taken up in committee of the whole, and on motion of Mr. Johnston, of Armstrong, the whole bill was stricken out and the bill for a railroad from Columbia to Harrisburg was substituted, and, thus amended, the bill passed committee of the whole. Mr Anderson then moved to strike out the substitute and insert the original bill. Not agreed to, yeas 31, nays 35.

The Columbia Railroad bill then passed final reading by a vote of yeas 60 to nays 23.

Mr Myers bill for the regulation of auctions and auctioneers and the creation of revenue, passed final reading and was sent to the Senate. It leaves the firm grade of auctioneers as heretofore, licenses $2,000, with the privilege of selling all manner of goods and chattels; requires the second class to pay $1,000, and allows them to sell every thing but cotton, wool, rice, tobacco, indigo, groceries, liquors, dry goods and wearing apparel (the McCully moved to strike out the exception of wearing apparel, but it was not agreed to.) The third class are to pay $600, with privilege of selling a variety of articles particularly specified, viz. books, stationary, watches, jewellery, shrubs, trees, plants, real estate, mechanical instruments, vehicles, animals, furniture and property sold by administrators or executors, stocks of the State or United States, &c. The privileges of the class are somewhat extended.

Harrisburg, March 22, 1841.

House.—Petitions were presented in the morning to amend for small notes; legalizing the suspension, and against gambling in stocks, &c. These latter were referred to the committee on vice and immorality.

Mr. Dunlop offered a Resolution which was adopted, requesting the Canal Commissioners to give information relative to money drawn from the Berks County Bank for the purchasing of Locomotive engines.

Mr. Hiskins offered a Preamble and Resolution instructing the committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of amending the election law in relation to the allowance of counsel, to give information to the Judges and inspectors of the general elections. Adopted.

Nine dis.—The adjournment Resolution was tabled at some time, after which the day was changed from the 24th inst. to the 5th of April, and the subject was then postponed until Saturday next.

The Bill providing a uniform mode of valuing property and levying taxes for State purposes, was considered a second time on second reading. The subject was then postponed for the present. Mr Johnston having submitted a new proposition.

Mr. Dunlop, from the Inland Navigation Committee, reported a bill to abolish the Board of Appraisers, and to transfer the duties of the office to the Canal Commissioners.

Senate.—Mr Miller, of Adams, submitted a preamble accompanied by the following resolution, which was read and laid on the table.

Resolved, That we recommend to Congress the passage of an act distributing an amount of $100,000,000 of Treasury notes, to be paid the different States in proportion to their representation in Congress, as an advancement on their share of the public domain, and to remedy the evil arising from the abstracted from the National Treasury, by laying a tariff of duties on luxuries, superfluities, &c. to save the country from the ruinous drain of specie and a servile dependence on the work shops of mercantile and despotic Europe.

On motion of Mr. Brown, the bill providing for the election and appointment of Canal Commissioners was made the order of the day for to-morrow.

The bill to extend the charter of the Northampton Bank passed second reading, after a warm discussion.

Harrisburg, March 23, 1841.

Senate.—The bill to extend the charter of the Northampton Bank passed final reading. (yeas 26, nays 9.) and was sent to the House.

House of Representatives.—Mr Hinchman, from the committee on Banks, reported the Bank Bill which passed the Senate, with amendments—retaining the 1st section of Mr. Spackman's Bill and substituting the remaining sections of his own for those of the Senate Bill. The Bill was made the order of the day for to-morrow.

Mr. Johnston, from the judiciary, reported as committed, the one term resolution from the Senate, in relation to the office of Governor.

An adverse report was made by Mr. Anderson, from the committee on Claims, upon the petition of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Transportation Company, asking for a pro rata of the drawback allowed on the tolls for flour transported on the State works from Pittsburg clear through to Philadelphia. The company had only transported from Pittsburg to Middletown, which did not bring the case within the resolution adopted by the Board of Canal Commissioners.

The Bill to incorporate a portion of Penn township, in the county of Philadelphia, passed committee of the whole.

The following bills severally passed final reading, viz:

A supplement to the Towanda Railroad and Coal Company. (It has passed the Senate too.)

A supplement to the Plymouth Coal Company—and a bill to incorporate the Franklin Railroad, Mining, and Manufacturing Company. (This Bill was rejected some days ago and was re-considered to day.)

The Bill to incorporate the American Sunday School Union, passed committee of the whole and was negatived on third reading, by a vote of 22 yeas, to 49 nays.

City News.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held by the Coroner on Thursday afternoon at the Northern Liberties' watch-house upon the body of a man, name unknown, about 40 years of age, who was found a few mins. ago after two o'clock lying in the snow near the corner of Brown and St. John streets, quite insensible, and was taken to the watch-house, where he expired shortly afterwards. The jury rendered a verdict of "death from drunkenness and exposure." The dress of the deceased consisted of a blue frock coat very much worn, grey cassimet pants, brown vest, and three shirts, one of them checked and the other two white muslin. The body was carried to the Green House for recognition.

The Elbridge Case Decided.—The opinion of the Court of General Sessions in the case of Dorr, Eldridge, whose discharge was claimed under the act of 1785, was delivered last week by Judge Burton. The Court decided against the prisoner on the ground that his case did not come within the provisions of the act, and ordered him to be remanded for trial. Judge Burton stated, however, that the Court were willing to take bail for the prisoner at any time, it might be offered, the amount being fixed at $5,000. The trial of the prisoner was postponed till Monday next.

Rescued from Drowning.—While the steamboat State Rights was crossing to Camden on Friday morning, a man on board in attempting to draw a bucket of water, fell into the river, and must have drowned, but for Messrs. Thomas and Robert Smith, who happened to be in the stream in a batteaux at the time, went to his assistance and rescued him. The man was intoxicated when the accident occurred.

Fire.—A fire broke out on Tuesday evening, about half past six o'clock in the large steam saw mill, corner of Franklin and Front streets, opposite the Franklin Works. The building, which was frame, was with the machinery, &c., entirely destroyed. It was occupied by Robertson & Gilmore for the manufactory of brush blocks. The loss must be heavy.

Business Reviving.—On Tuesday last our port exhibited quite a lively appearance. Upwards of fourteen vessels arrived from foreign parts, of which several are of a large class. Outward freights, in the coasting trade are abundant, and prices good, and in fact, business as far as commerce is concerned, wears a decidedly improved appearance.

Renewal of the Riots.—Hostilities against the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company were renewed by the citizens of Kensington on Monday evening. A large mob collected and tore up the rails along Frankford road. One of the rioters had an arm fractured.

West's Picture of "Christ Rejected," together with one of the large pictures of that great artist, painted for St. Gerye's Chapel, Windsor, entitled, "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra" are to be exhibited shortly at Independence Hall.

Silver Plate Stolen.—Information was lodged at the Police Office on Tuesday of a heavy loss of Silver Plate, by a family whose house was burglariously entered on Monday night and robbed.

The Government Steamer.—The shafts, &c. of the steamer Mississippi, forged at Cold Spring on the Hudson, arrived on Monday from New York by the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

A Warning.—An individual named Harmer, was robbed at a house of ill-fame in Bryan's Court, on Sunday night, of a pocket wallet, containing a large amount of money in notes.

A Distinguished Visitor.—Bill Johnson the hero of the "Thousand Isles" is now in this city. He is in excellent health and spirits, and is a noble, fine looking man.

New Church.—A Methodist Episcopal Church is to be erected at the N. E. corner of Eighth and Race streets.

The Small Pox is quite prevalent in some parts of our city.

Financial Record.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

1373 shares United States Bank, price sold by, rat
600 do. Girard Bank, 27 to 29 3 P. 100
391 do. Phil. Wil & Balt. R.R. 29 to 30 do
135 do. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co. 39 do
15 do. Far. & Mec. Bank 43½ do
25 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co. 63 100
10 do. Agricultural Bank, Miss. 98 do
10 do. Bonington RR. 99 100
4 do. Philadelphia Bank 75 100
5 do. North America Bank, 200 60

New Cumberland.

Cumberland Bank, Bridgeton, N. J.—In letter E. dated Jan'y 8, 1840; paper dark, marginal engraving post.—*Bank Reporter.*

Appropriations by Congress.—The total amount of appropriations for all purposes, made during the late session of Congress, was as follows:—Civil and diplomatic list, $6,317,079 28; army, 6,041,918; navy, 5,926,337; fortifications, $85,500, military academy, 164,842; Revolutionary and other pensioners, 1,044,136; Indian Department, treaties, &c., 1,000,968; Private, 10,055 66; Total, $22,191,856 94.

The Mining Mails.—The mails lost in the Ocmulgee river, were the great southern and south-western mails, and the New York dates were of the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th inst. This will be a severe loss to the south-western cities. The foreign news by the President was in the mail.

Auction Duties.—For the quarter ending March 30, 1841:—J. S. Myers, $4,757 43; S. S. Thomas, $3,029 56; S. N. Davies, $2,655 77; C. C. Mackey, $850 02; J. Stephens, $737 22; S. Arbuckle, $94 61; C. J. Wolbert, $60 20; J. Pumiere, $41 31; S. Nathans, $30 21; Jas'h Jones, $7 50.

Post Office Robbery.—The Richmond (Va.) Star states that the Assistant Postmaster at Abingdon, Va., John W. Bowers, has been detected in plundering the Post Office at that place. He was caught with letters up his coat sleeve, which contained money.

Forgery in Persia.—The Christians are not alone in the crime. At Teheran, the Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs has been convicted of forgery, the Shah has spared his life, but had him bastinadoed and fined him $75,000.

Great Postage.—The Caledonia brought 25,000 letters, which is 5,000 more than was ever before received at that port by one vessel. The postage on letters to New York alone amounted to $1,392.

The Penny Postage in Great Britain, which it was prophesied would not pay its expenses, has yielded £441,000 net revenue in the first year of its experiment.

The Southern Mail is still among the missing—there are now nine due from N. Orleans and Mobile. The latest dates from New Orleans are to the 5th inst.

Banks of Georgia Suspended.—We learn from Savannah that it was reported there that the banks at Columbus and at Augusta, had all suspended.

Retrenchment.—Under the new law, the Postmaster of New York is restricted to $5,000 per annum, over and above expenses.

A Railroad Route from St. Louis to the Missouri iron mountain 115 miles in length has been surveyed. Cost estimated at $2,942,000.

The State of Maine wants to borrow $600,000

A Great Bank—or Snow.—The storm last week in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., continued till it piled up snow to the depth of two and a half feet. Disastrous results on the coast are looked for.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments and Promotions *by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*—George Loyall, to be Navy Agent for the port of Norfolk, Va.—re-appointed. John P. Henry, to be Navy Agent for the port of Savannah, Georgia—re-appointed. Thomas Hayes, to be Navy Agent for the port of Philadelphia, in place of Michael W. Ash, resigned. Promotions—Commander W. A. Spencer, to be a Captain in the Navy from the 23d January, 1841. Lieutenant A. Bigelow, to be a Commander in the Navy from the 22d January, 1841. Passed Midshipman William L. Maury, to be a Lieutenant in the Navy from the 26th February, 1841.

Appointments at the President.—Robert C. Cornell, of New York, to be Receiver General of Public Money at New York, in the place of Stephen Allen, removed. Samuel Frothingham, of Boston, to be Receiver General of Public Money at Boston, in the place of Isaac Hill, removed. Charles B. Penrose, of Pennsylvania, to be Solicitor of the Treasury, in the place of Matthew Burchard, removed. John Wilkinson, of Pennsylvania, to be Recorder of the General Land Office, in the place of Hudson M. Garland, removed. Solomon Van Rensselaer, to be Deputy Postmaster at Albany; Robert C. Wetmore, to be Navy Agent for the port of New York, in place of John R. Livingston, Jr., removed.

Naval Officer.—Isaac P. Davis, of Boston, Mass., vice Isaac O. Barnes, removed. Edward Curtis, Collector of New York, vice J. J. Morgan, removed. William Taggart, Surveyor; New York, vice Ely Moore, removed. Thomas Lord, Naval Officer, New York, vice William S. Coe, removed.

New York and Virginia.—*Resignation of the Governor of Virginia.*—The resignation of Governor Gilmer has excited some surprise, and the reason is thus briefly explained in the Baltimore Sun.—New York in the first place refused to give up fugitives from justice, when demanded by Virginia, and when a similar demand was made by New York, Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, applied the "lex talionis," and refused to give up an indicted forger. The Legislature of Virginia came to the conclusion that the Governor acted wrongly, and adopted a resolution to that effect. The Governor finding that he could not conscientiously reflect the views of the Legislature, in this very important matter, immediately resigned his place.—This took place on Saturday, and the Legislature were to meet on Monday to choose a successor.

The Twenty-Seventh Congress.—There are eleven States which have not elected their representatives to the Twenty Seventh Congress, and the election of some of them will not regularly take place until after the day fixed for the Special Session. In such cases the Governors, we presume, will take care that their respective States shall not go unrepresented.

The future residence of Mr. Van Buren is to be at Kinderhook, in the old mansion of the late Judge William P. Van Ness. It is a retired, but very pleasant situation, standing upon the old post-road, about two miles from the village, in the direction of Hudson. The edifice is of convenient size, and has been thoroughly repaired.

Despatches from Great Britain.—Mitchell King, Esq., who came passenger in the Caledonia, from Liverpool, was the bearer of important despatches from our Minister at London. He proceeded to Washington immediately after his arrival here.

James Booth, Esq., has been appointed by the Governor of Delaware, Chief Justice of the State, vice the Hon. Richard H. Bayard, resigned. Capt. Laban L. Lyons has been appointed Wreck Master for Sussex county.

Hon. Francis Granger now Postmaster General, resigned his seat in Congress, last Tuesday. In the extra session of Congress, Mr. Granger's district will be unrepresented, unless a law is passed providing for a special election.

Resignation.—Hon. Levi Lincoln resigned his seat on Tuesday in the U. S. House of Representatives, to which he was last fall elected for two years. A new election, to fill the vacancy, will therefore be ordered immediately.

McLeod's Trial.—We mentioned, last week that his trial would be postponed. It seems now that this Court will go over, in consequence of an error in the Niagara County Clerk in drawing the jury.

Hon. Mr. Crittenden, U. S. Attorney General, and Clark Robinson, the new Marshal of the Western District, arrived in New York on Monday, and left on Thursday, on their way to Lockport, to see McLeod.

Mexico.—This government is in a most distracted condition. All the California provinces are in rebellion, and the Gulf provinces are little better, one of them having established a separate government.

Elected to Congress.—David Bronson, Esq., Whig, on Monday last, from the Kennebec District of Maine. He takes the place of Mr. Evans, elected to the United States Senate.

General Scott reached Albany Tuesday week, en route to Lockport. He met with an accident on the way. In crossing the river on the ice he fell and severely bruised his head.

The English Post Office permits no person employed by it, nor their wives, to keep a house for the sale of intoxicating liquors, under the penalty of forfeiting the office.

The Fatal Duel at Alton, Ill. between Judge Smith and Mr. McClernand did not take place—the parties were arrested before they reached the ground.

The Day of Fasting and Prayer in New Hampshire has been fixed by the Governor with advice of Council, for Thursday, the 18th of April next.

John Robinson, of Richmond, Va., and James H. Gholson, of Petersburg, have been appointed to the new judgeships created in that city.

Legislation.—At the late session of the Massachusetts Legislature, 132 acts were passed, and 66 resolutions.

Hon. James S. Mayfield has been appointed to be Secretary of the State of Texas, vice the Hon. G. W. Terrell.

Sir George Arthur was to have left Toronto last Saturday for England, by the way of the United States.

George Chabot, Esq., has been recognized as Vice Consul of Spain for this port.

The Fortifications of Paris will cost in estimated $300,000,000.

General News.

The Town of Stoughton is noted for the manufacture of Boots and Shoes. It is seventeen miles from Boston. There are very few families in town who are not engaged in the business. The females here, as in the town of Lynn, noted for ladies shoes, perform much of the latter, finishing entirely the upper part of the boot. In the year 1837 there were 174,900 pairs of boots, and 53,320 pairs of shoes manufactured in Stoughton—valued at $487,200.

Shot him to Death.—On Saturday last, at Annapolis, Md., two boys, one the son of James Murray, the Secretary of State, aged about 12 years, and the other son of Mr. Carmen, teller in the Bank of Annapolis, were playing together, when the latter picked up a gun without knowing it was loaded, and shot young Murray in the left side, literally blowing him to pieces. He died directly after.

A Philadelphia Schooner, name unknown, went to pieces on Long Branch, in the storm of Tuesday night last. She was loaded with coal. She had six hands on board, who, after severe and protracted suffering, succeeded in getting a line to the shore by means of a water cask, and by the line all reached land, save one, who was drowned.

Vessels Wrecked.—The Norfolk Beacon of Saturday mentions the wreck, on Willoughby's Point, on Thursday night last, of the schooner United States, from Baltimore to Petersburg—the crew were saved. Near about the same place, on the same night, the schr. Emily, from Nantucket, went ashore—crew and part of the cargo saved.

Shipwreck.—The schr. Philip Dreyster, two days from New York, in ballast, bound for Norfolk, was driven ashore on Wednesday morning last, about six miles south of Cape Henry, in the gale and snow storm. She was full of water, but it was thought would be gotten off.

Because he was poor.—The St. Louis papers of the 8th inst. state, that Joseph D. Adams, formerly of Boston, and more recently of Philadelphia, committed suicide a few days before by drowning himself.

To be Hung.—John White, who had been found guilty at Louisville of the murder of two men, Glenn and Gwatkin, has been sentenced to be hung on the 8th of April.

More Steamers Lost.—Chester and Ben Franklin, on the Ohio.

Not a Man but a Woman.—The New York Sun has a long article which looks like a hoax, going to show that a Mr. Howitt, a base shoemaker of that city, had a person called John Pelsing in his employ for three years, who was so industrious, sober, active, &c. that he made him his partner in business. They boarded together for one year afterwards, and were great friends. Both lately were on a Coroner's inquest over a drowned man. Pelsing turned pale, and after it was over was among the missing for two months. Last June, one day a lady came into Howitt's store and asked for Pelsing, and after some conversation declared that she was that gentleman—that the drowned man had been her husband, and a shoemaker in Philadelphia—that he treated her badly, that she had left him, gone to New York in men's clothes, worked there, &c. Finally on Tuesday week, Mr. Howitt and Mr. Pelsing, alias Mrs. Pelsing became *partners for life.*

From Florida.—News from Pilatka to the 14th inst. has been received at Savannah. A letter says—"Capt. Kerr, 2d dragoons, a day or two since took twenty-one Indians, with their chief, Koa Tustanugee. Twenty old Indians came in, a few days ago, at Fort Fanning, and gave themselves up. Wild Cat has been in at Tampa, and gone out to bring in his people, and letters to night say that ninety men were sent out on the 11th to escort ninety odd warriors on their way in. About four hundred Indians are already at Tampa, waiting to be shipped." The old cry of the war being over is again reiterated by the letter writers. Give Colonel Harney, Captain Barnum, Lieutenant Albertis, and a few more spirits like them, half a chance, and they will end the war, but we doubt whether negotiation will ever bring peace.

What a Thought!—A writer in one of the French Encyclopedias, calculates that if the natural resources of the American Continent were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to three thousand six hundred millions of inhabitants, a number five times as great as the entire population of the world—and that the lapse of three or four centuries will exhibit it!

Smoking State of Texas.—The editors of the Vicksburg Whig and the Vicksburg Sentinel are at deadly enmity, and on the morning of the 6th inst. meeting in the street, both being armed with double barrelled guns they fired at each other, with intent to kill. Mr. Flagg of the Whig, was slightly hurt, the excitement was great in Vicksburg.

Wonderful Escape.—In Belvidere N. Y. at Orford Furnace, Warren Co., a young man dropped a spark from a lighted cigar in a mill among several kegs of blasting powder, the whole of which exploded successively. The effect was tremendous. The roof of the mill was raised a foot, and yet the young man escaped unhurt.

Literary Rogues.—Some burglars got into a house in Germantown a few nights ago, which was occupied only by females. In their hurry they spent a pitcher. The noise alarmed the family, and the thieves decamped out with six volumes of Josephus—the seventh they are requested to call for. So says the Telegraph.

A Pitious Thing.—Two men were badly injured at Boston on Tuesday, while the Britannia was getting out. One, named Jenkinson, a teamster, said to be a very industrious, steady man, with a family, had his leg broken in two places by the hawser, and another, whose name is Gill, had his foot badly crushed.

Suicide from Religious Enthusiasm.—A beautiful woman named Mrs. Elizabeth Huston, cut her throat with a razor and bled to death, in New York, on Thursday afternoon. She was an Irish woman, 29 years of age, and had grown insane under religious excitement.

The Naval Appointment.—Foster Rhodes, the gentleman just appointed one of our Naval Constructors, was Mr. Eckford's right hand man, and when that gentleman died at Constantinople, he was appointed to fill his place by the Sultan!

A New Kind of Cannon has been invented by Mr. Michael Pearson, of Newburyport, Conn. It is capable of being discharged with three times the speed of the common cannon, and by half the number of men usually required.

Logion and Literature.—The Mormons at their new city, Nauvoo, Ill., have established an University, and a military corps, and published the rule of which they in quantities of not less than a gallon, and of all other liquors less than a quart.

Riot and Jail Breaking.—A riot in Lorain county, Ohio, lately occurred which ended in breaking open the county jail and taking therefrom two negro slaves, who had been confined in it, to wait an adjudication of their cause.

Death in the Mill Pond.—A man named Samuel Smith of Middlesex, N. J., on the night of the 12th instant, going home drunk in a storm, fell in a mill pond and was drowned. Too much liquor and too much water.

Found Drowned.—A boy named Smith, who had been drowned on Sunday near Richmond, Va.—his body was much bruised, and strong suspicions of foul play are entertained. The feeling is strong against his *father.*

Going to California.—An expedition is expected to leave Missouri in the course of a few months for Upper California, 58 persons are going with it from Independence, Mo.—19 of whom have families.

The Exeter, N. H. Fire occasioned a loss of $6000 to the proprietors of the Configuration of Moscow and $4000 to the Exeter Artillery and others. All the uniform, &c., of this latter Company were burned.

Aerial Mail Route.—A Mr. James C. Patton intends venture in the Baltimore Clipper that he has devised a *balloon* that will navigate the air in any direction at the rate of 100 miles per hour.

C. B. Parsons, the actor, who turned preacher, then took to the stage again, and then again to the ministry, has now, after assisting to edit a paper turned once more to the study of theology.

Absence of Mind.—A person was a few days since sent to the post office with $1700; but instead of depositing it in Uncle Sam's mail, put it by mistake in his breeches pocket.

Reuben Shepard was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary, last week, for four years. He was convicted at Norristown of the murder of Wm. Coulston in a drunken frolic.

Burned to Death.—A child three years of age was burned to death, on Monday last, in Portsmouth, N. H. His clothes took fire from a stove, in the absence of his mother.

A Large Partner, weighing about 127 pounds and measuring 7 feet 9 inches from the nose to the tip of the tail, was killed on the 27th ult. not far from Maysville, Ky.

Bad Message.—John O'Neil, a master mason, and George W. Lattimore, fellow craft, have been expelled from the Cumberland Lodge, of Nashville, Tennessee.

Fire in Baltimore.—The extensive stables of Mr. Fitzpatrick, in Lombard street, Baltimore, were consumed on Friday morning. Horses, &c. saved.

Suicide in a Well.—Reggles Kent of West Springfield, Mass., last Monday, being a little insane, threw himself down a well and was killed.

Out of upwards of seven hundred persons committed during 1840 to the Boston House of Correction, 271 were sentenced as common *drunkards.*

Almost Killed.—A Mr. Bennish Titcomb, of Rochester, N. H., by the falling of a tree, while chopping it, in Southampton, on Wednesday last.

An Edition of the Fathers, complete and uniform, down to the 12th century, is in preparation in Rome. It will embrace 500 volumes.

A Yankee Schooner only 70 tons has sailed from Charlestown for Canton. It is a bold experiment, and is rumored to be an *express.*

The Pleasport Difficulty at Boston is to be adjusted upon reasonable grounds. The Church and the Minister will make up.

Four Thousand Dollars were stolen from the office of Messrs. Gilbert and Sons, brokers, of Boston, on Wednesday night last.

Trees.—There are fifty-six species of trees in the United States, large enough for timber, among them ten species of the oak.

The Horticulturists in England have succeeded in grafting any species of lilac on the common ash.

A Chemical Establishment at Norwich, Conn. has lately been consumed by fire.

Fine Wood is scarce in Baltimore. Not a load on the wharves last Friday.

A Night Asylum for the houseless poor is proposed in New York. Good.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with much spirit in Washington.

Great Fatality in the South—*Much Damage Effected!*—From North Carolina we learn that the freshet in that direction has been beyond all precedent, and the damage in consequence immense. On the 16th Waynesborough was overflowed, and the railroad bridge in danger of being swept away. Slaves are reported lost, rafts of timber gone, houses, &c. floated off. At Fayetteville the river rose 53 to 55 feet above low water mark! From Savannah, Ga., we learn that on Sunday week the river was almost up to the great freshet in May last. It was over the Charleston and Hamburg railroad, and Hamburg was submerged. No communication could take place between Augusta and Charleston. A stage in attempting it was carried away in the Ocmulgee, and a colored man, horse, stage, mails, &c. all lost. Hiram Roth, on his return home from Washington, was in the flat, and with another person lodged on an island in the Ocmulgee, where they had to remain all night exposed to the flood, which at morning had covered the island; they saved themselves it is said by climbing trees. The water had destroyed many houses and wharves, but in consequence of the stoppage of the mails we have no further particulars of importance.

The Death Dealer.—The new and dreadful engine of destruction, invented by Colonel Bernard, was lately tried near London, in presence of many scientific men. A boat made solid with cross timbers and clamped with iron spikes, 23 feet long and 7 broad, was placed in a pond, and when the parties had taken up a safe position, was in an instant struck and shattered into fragments. The manner in which this tremendous effect was produced, and which can be realized at sea, on any scale, was of course not disclosed. The strongest fortress, and the largest ship could be instantly demolished by an enemy, with the aid of this new projectile. The boat weighed two tons, the timber in her five and a half tons, the water displaced was equal to fifteen tons, and yet the engine that produced this destruction only weighed *eighteen pounds*, and was so safe, that when charged it could be kicked about a room with perfect impunity. This is really the age of invention.

Whole Family Drowned.—At Margaret's Bay, Lower Canada, recently, three children while playing on the ice, fell through. Their mother, a Mrs. Holland, ran to their rescue, when she too fell in, and shocking to relate *all were drowned!* Mr. H. also fell in, but got out again.

Murderer Caught in Texas.—The Nashville Banner says that Zebulon Payne, the murderer of Collart, arrived there on the 9th, in the steamboat Rio, from New Orleans, in custody of the gentleman who had arrested him in Galveston, Texas.

The Temperance Societies of this city and county have been joined by four thousand three hundred persons within the last three months. The total number belonging is about 17,000 persons.

A Lost Youth.—A boy seventeen years of age was, last week, in Boston, sentenced to seventeen years imprisonment for arson, burglary, theft, &c. &c.

Hurt by an Engine.—A fire engine ran over a man named John McCann, in New York, on Tuesday, and injured him very seriously

Cold Cargo.—A brig is loading at present at Bordentown with ice intended for the Mobile market.

The Thames Tunnel is completed to within 19 yards of the foot passengers shaft.

Eruption of the Skin. It should be remembered, when the coarser particles of impurity are diverted from their proper channels, and become deposited in the skin, that cutaneous eruptions will be the certain consequence.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a delightful medicine for all disorders of the skin; because they expel from the body those poisonous humours which are the cause not only of all kinds of eruptive diseases, but of every malady incident to man. The Indian Vegetable Pills will be found also to aid and improve digestion, and as they are a direct purifier of the blood, they will most assuredly impart health and vigor to the whole frame, which is what we wish to give a smooth and healthy complexion.

Note.—The Indian Vegetable Pills (*Indian Purgative*) are for sale at the General Depot, 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Remarks.—The weather on Saturday and Monday was clear, but it has again been rainy on Tuesday. There have been no Cotton Seed arrivals; among the vessels at sea from Liverpool—and the market will in a few days be better supplied with goods. Nothing is wanted but a good contract to cause a fair spring business in this city.

Bark.—The market has been swept of Quercitron; sales of 315 hds. at $20 50 per ton for No. 1.

Coffee.—Operations limited, and prices well sustained.

Cotton.—Market quite inactive, but prices steady.

Flour and Meal.—Receipts continue light and prices steady. Sales for export at $4.50 per bbl. for fair brands, and one lot on Broad street at $4.64. We quote the price at $4.50. Rye Flour and Corn Meal—Prices are steady with sales.

Grain.—Wheat is scarce. A sale of only fair Southern at 97 cts. delivered. Rye—No sales. Corn—Supplies have arrived, the market has become active. Sales of southern yellow at 48½ to 49½, white 46 cts. Oats—Sales at 29½ cts. for Southern.

Molasses.—Further sales of Trinidad at 24½ cts.

Provisions—Prices are steady and the demand has become less active for Pork and Lard.

Sugar.—Demand less active but prices are steady; sales of New Orleans at 6½ cts. Porto Rico at 6 cts.

Tea.—There is more enquiry, and Canton Young Hyson has been sold at 50 cts.

Whiskey—Prices have not varied and the demand is limited.—*North American.*

Health Office, March 20, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Bloomsbury, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 13th to the 20th March.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	33	26
Cholerina,	0	1	Fever, Scarlet,	0	2
Cancer of the Stomach,	1	0	Inflammation of Brain,	2	2
—Womb,	1	0	—Bronchi,	0	10
Cong. Hydrocephalus,	0	1	—Lungs,	6	0
Congestion of the Brain,	1	0	—Breast,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	21	4	—Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	6	Inflammation of the Liver,	1	0
Cyanotic Tonsillaris,	0	1	—Throat,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	—Heart,	0	1
Dropsy, Abdominal,	0	1	Intemperance & Exposure,	1	0
—Head,	0	2	Inanition,	0	1
—Chest,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	1
—Bladder,	0	1	Malformation of Heart	0	1
—Hip Joint,	1	0	Old Age,	1	0
—Liver,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
—Lungs,	1	0	Pleurisy,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	0	Small Pox,	0	6
Debility,	1	1	Still Born,	0	5
Enlargement of Heart,

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

A Letter of Advice.

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

BY W. M. PRAED.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he wears a top boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself 'Thompson' or 'Skinner,'
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps and the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical 'Oh!'
If he does not call Werter delicious,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he ever sets foot in the city
Among the stock-brokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

He must walk like a god of old story,
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile, like the sun in its glory,
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from his ivory portal,
Like music his soft speech must flow!
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Don't listen to tales of his beauty,
Don't hear what they tell of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the country,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

NEWSPAPERS.—Mr. Jefferson, while a minister in France, wrote to his friend in this country, Col. E. Carrington: "Were it left me to decide, whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter."

SPANISH CHARACTER.—A Spanish shoemaker, just at the close of the week, received a pair of shoes to be mended. He looked at his good wife and asked how much there was in the purse—"Sufficient to last till Monday, Pierre." "Tell your master I can't mend those shoes till Monday."

A TELL-TALE ASSORTMENT.—On Monday last a lady fell down near the Marlboro' Hotel, Boston, and left her card case in the street, containing three billet-doux, two unreceipted bills, and a pencil sketch of a distinguished clergyman.—There was no name on the case.

EQUALITY.—"My uncle was one of the framers of the Constitution," said a youth the other day of patrician blood, to another of more plebeian origin. "Who cares for that?" quoth the latter, "My father was one of the framers of our new meeting house."

EDITORIAL WIT.—The Post Office in this city is a perfect nest of old bachelors. There must be reform there. Ladies do you hear that?—*Rich. Star.*

Do you mean that it is full of *males?*—*Balt. Times.*

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

GOOD.—Wanted, a lad nine years of age, who has a moral character established, as apprentice to the printing business.—*Northern Ex. Paper.*

He must be a very precocious genius who establishes any kind of a character at an age so early.

A NEW SOCIETY.—We learn that in Richmond, an "Anti-borrowing-your-neighbour's-newspaper-every-day-and-thus-cheating-the-printer-out-of-his-honest-and-hard-earned-dues-Society," is about to be formed.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."—A very doubtful adage. We have just seen, in a country paper, the marriage of Peter Rowlinston, of Hollidaysburg, Pa. to Miss Orphelia Morse.

A GOOD IDEA.—A dashing and fashionable widow up town, says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.

BEGINNING TO SHOOT.—A man planted his gun the other day instead of a wild plant, which he had picked up in the woods, and he did not discover his mistake till it began *to shoot.*

DIALOGUE.—"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that ere 'lasses, I'll tell the man of ye."

"By the bungs! you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses too."

A HARD CUT.—The Standard says that widows are singular creatures; they resemble green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

[illegible]ELLENT.—Many families have owed their prosperity full as much to the propriety of female management as to the knowledge and activity of the father.

THE TALL[illegible].—The Old Dominion says there is a man about these diggings who has grown so tall that he has got clean out of the reach of his creditors.

LEARNING.—A [illegible] editor thus closes a flaming effort of editorial genius:—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, as Shakspeare says!"

A LOAFER.—I feel too lazy to work, said a loafer, and I have not time to play. I think I'll just go to bed, and so split the difference.

HEAR HIM!—A Western paper heads an article, "*Disgraceful* attempt at murder!" There are more ways to the woods than one.

EXCERPT.—A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

HOW TRUE.—Marriage is a state of discord and uneasiness to persons corrupted—but to the virtuous it is a paradise on earth.

EXTRACT.—A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

WELLERISM.—"I shall drop the subject," as the doctor said when he was caught robbing a grave.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.—Whispering soft nonsense to a girl in a summer house, of a moonlight night.

A TRUE SAYING.—A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one abroad.

FIRST-RATE POLITICIANS.—Chaps wot want to butter their bread, and to lay it on thick.

A French [illegible].

In the morning, before he sallied forth, old Dumolet consulted the sky and the barometer which ornamented his garret; then taking up his cane and ink-stand, he would say "Rain! We shall have people slipping and crushed under carriage wheels;" or "The weather is stormy! We shall record some cases of mental derangement or hydrophobia;" or, lastly, "Cloudy and gloomy! fine weather for spleen—let us hunt after suicides." According to these probabilities, Dumolet regulated his day's operations. One day Dumolet's weathercock lay in the direction of an emeute wind. The courier hastened to the place du Pantheon, where the students were getting up a little riot. The moment he appeared a shower of stones hailed him. "Good!" exclaimed Dumolet, "It begins in proper style;" and without any dismay he established his observatory on the most perilous spot. A friend passing by earnestly entreated him to take to his heels. Dumolet, heedless of his advice drew his watch, and recorded minute by minute, the various stages of the emeute. "Will you go!" roared again his friend. "Not I," replied the newshunter; "but since you are flying, have the goodness to leave this with my newspaper, and tell them I remain on the spot to send them the sequel." An hour after, confusion was at its height. The two parties came to blows, the Municipal Guard fired, and a bullet struck Dumolet. A surgeon hastened to him. "You are wounded," said he. "I am," replied Dumolet, "and severely too, for I cannot write." "This is no time for scribbling!" roughly observed the practitian, "we must attend to your wound!" "My business," replied Dumolet, "is to relate the occurrence, and you must do this for me. Just write the following postscript! 'Three o'clock, P. M. After a discharge of muskets made by the military, three wounded and one killed were counted on the side of the people.'" "Who, then, is the dead man?" inquired the surgeon. "I," returned Dumolet, and he expired! He expired, like Epaminondas, on the field of battle; like Turenne, like Bayard. He died like Moliere, on the theatre of his achievements.

The King's Speech.

The story that is going the rounds about the newspaper boys having sold an inaugural address of Jefferson as that recently delivered by Harrison, reminds us of a good joke, which, like good wine, has lost nothing by age.

It used to be the custom in London to print the King's speech on a letter sheet, upon which was endorsed "King's Speech." Certain printers, to be up to competition, just before the opening of Parliament, procured a large quantity of letter paper, printed the usual endorsement and laid it by, ready for the speech to be clapped on the inside. For some reason, his Majesty on that occasion, gave no speech at all. Here was a waste of Bath Post, hot-pressed! But, to save themselves, the publishers caused the sheets to be folded in the usual way, with the usual label, ready to meet the eyes of purchasers. A boy was despatched into the streets to sell them. No sooner did he rush along, bellowing "King's Speech!" than all the passers by stopped and bought the precious document. So eager were they to read it that not a soul thought of unfolding it, but hurried off home or to a coffee-room, that he might peruse it at leisure.

At last some person, who had just bought of the running boy, thought he observed a sly twinkle in his eye; and, not having heard of any speech from the throne, opened the paper to see what was in it. A blank met his view! a blank like that to which Dr. Franklin likened "every infant mind." "Hillo! lad—stop; look, there is not any thing in this paper!" "Is'nt there?" replied the boy, increasing the rapidity of his movement, "well—the king did'nt say any thing."

A Good Joke.

I have heard a first rate joke about John Truman, late of Athens, Geo. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and come it over the people's liquor. Not a glass could be left for a moment but he would slily slip up and drink its contents. One day a stage driver came in, and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately shuffled up to the bar. The driver knew his man, and immediately played possum by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took—on returning, he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed, with all the diabolical horror he could effect.

"Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! who drank the pison?"

"I!" stammered John, ready to give up the ghost with affright.

"You're a dead man," said the driver.

"What shall I do?" beseeched John, who thought himself a gone sucker."

"Down with a pint of lamp oil or you are a dead man in three minutes." answered the wicked driver. And down went the lamp oil, up came the brandy and opium, together with John's breakfast. The joke was told and he has never drank other people's liquor since.

Napoleon's Method of Getting at the Truth.

On the voyage of the Undaunted to Elba, a small Genoese trading vessel passed near, and the captain was ordered on board, as Napoleon was anxious to hear the news.—Napoleon was on the quarter-deck. He had a great coat and round hat on. As he expressed a wish to question the captain, I sent him to him on the afterpart of the quarter-deck, and afterward ordered him down to my cabin. "Your captain," said he, "is the most extraordinary man I ever met with. He put all sorts of questions to me, and, without giving me time to reply, repeated the same questions rapidly to me a second time." When I told him whom he had been speaking to, he appeared all astonishment, and instantly ran on deck, hoping to again see him; but Napoleon, to his great disappointment, had already left the deck and gone below. When I told Napoleon, that the man had remarked the rapidity with which he had put questions to him twice over, he said it was the only way to get at the truth from such fellows.

Death.

The funeral was over—the dead shovelled away. What a strange thing does it seem, that that very form which we prized so charily, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, which we lapped from the cold in our arms, from whose footsteps we would have removed a stone, should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle, that was yesterday so strong—which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to—to-day so lamentably powerless, unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh! A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference between what it was and what it is.—*Bulwer.*

A Romancer and Thief.

"The other evening," says a Paris contemporary, "a well known novelist, a man of great coolness and courage, was met by a stout fellow, who pulled out a poinard and demanded his purse. "Capital!" the other exclaimed: "I was just about to make the same demand on you; but come, as I find I have fallen in with one of ourselves, I'll give you a share of a prime job I have in hand. Come along!" Deceived by this confidence, the real rogue joined the counterfeit, and they stole along together till they were met by a patrol, into whose hands the good natured friend unkindly lodged his associate."

Receipts.

A person having fallen in with a disaster which threatens to bereave him of his senses, should put his head in pickle to preserve his wits.

Corpulent persons, desirious of regaining their shape, should apply to some newspaper establishment for the office of collector. They will run the fat off long before their station becomes a sinecure.

Night and Morning.

So, oh dark mystery of the mortal world!—so, unlike the order of the external universe, glide together, side by side, the shadowy stands of Night and Morning.—Examine life in its own world: confound not that world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible yet airier and less substantial system, doing homage to the sun, to whose throne, afar in the infinite space, the human heart has no wings to flee. In life, the mind and circumstances give the true seasons, and regulate the darkness and the light. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous noon, the other shudders in the solitude of night. For Hope and Fortune the day star is ever shining. The "Amreeth Strahlendore" live ever in the air. For Care and Penury, night changes not with the ticking of the clock or the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, Night for the houseless, and God's eye on both!

Genders.

"How many genders are there?" asked a school master.

"Three, sir," promptly replied little blue eyes.

"What are they called?"

"Masculine, feminine and neuter."

"Pray give me an example of each," said the Master.

"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I'm a girl"—

"Very well—proceed."

"I don't know," said the little girl "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an Old Bachelor?

King Philip.

The courtiers of King Philip, advised him to take vengeance against a man who had been slandering him. "Do you know," said his Majesty, "whether I have ever given him any cause for thus doing?" "No," said his courtiers. "Has he ever received any presents from me?" "No," said they. The King then commanded rich presents to be sent to him. Some time afterward, the King heard that this man was praising him. "Behold," said his Majesty, to his courtiers, "I had lost a friend if I had taken your advice, but now I have only lost an enemy and gained a friend."

Grammont's Reply.

Louis XIV. playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent; the bystanders were appealed to, and could not decide the matter. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the farther end of the gallery, declared against the king—"But you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Ah! sire," replied the Count, "if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide in your favor."

A Mother's Love.

There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, consecrated and sacred; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away when that love alone is visible; and the God that watches over the little one sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes His own!

Too Much Truth.

A young lady lately observed: "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves."

To Superiors.

Never employ your authority in its full extent; temper whatever is severe in it by an air of sweetness and good nature. Neither abuse the fear and respect which your dignity and rank inspire. It will do you honor to adapt the exercise of your power to the circumstances and situation in which you are placed.

Witty.

The Duchess of Marlborough was pressing the Duke to take a medicine, and with his usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present exclaimed. "Do take it then, my Lord Duke, it must be of service in one way or the other."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Brother's Invitation.

Come sister whilst the gem-like rays
Of sunset gilt each bower and tree,
Whilst earth looks fair as Beauty's gaze,
Come sister, come with me!

Come wander by the streamlet's side,
Where oft in youth we strayed—
The rustic mill down by the tide
Where happy once we played.

Each springing flower and leafy grove,
Each wild bird's merry song—
The sunny skies that smile above
As pure as childhood's throng.

The echo of the cascade's voice,
The river's silent glow,
The homestead of the woodman's choice
Where humble pleasures grow.

The silence of the rock-bound glen,
The perfume of the flowers,
The trembling lights within the fen
That grace those haunted hours.

The deep tone'd murmurs from the hills,
Breathes forth their melody,
The rippling of the moonlit rills
Seems touch'd with fairy glee.

All, all is peace and happiness,
On every side is joy—
The emblems of that purer bliss,
That time cannot destroy.

Then come, my sister, leave the halls
"Of mirth and revelry—"
And whilst the starlight fairly falls,
Come sister, come with me.

Philadelphia, 1841. S. H.

From the Adventures of Valentine Vox.

A Serenade of Cats.

Imitated by a Ventriloquist.

There happened to be only four bed-rooms in the house; the best of course was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant; and that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double bedded-room, and Valentine had therefore to make his selection between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the remainder of the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having the bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself, and every thing came off; when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He, therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great deal of comfort.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish!—curse that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle, "we must have you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door cried "hish!" again emphatically, and threw his breeches towards the spot as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not on the order of her going," when Mr. Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs. Mr. Beagle thanked heaven she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What? are you there still, madam?" enquired that gentleman in a highly sarcastic tone, "I thought you had been turned out, madam. Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep, heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out of my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic!" and he "hished!" again with commendable violence, and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply, a fact which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw the pillow energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again, he missed the pillow he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he could not even hope to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise is certainly a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this—why where have you got?" he added, addressing the pillow, which with all the sweeping action of his feet he was some time unable to find—"Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several severe blows in the belly; when having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed in a subdued tone, "Well, let's try again!"

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. His boast was that nothing could put him in a passion, and as he had less than most of his cotemporaries to vex him, he had certainly been able, in the absence of all cause for irritation, to preserve his equanimity. As a perfect natural matter, of course, he invariably attributed the absence of such cause to the innate amiability of his disposition: and marvelled that men, men of sense and discernment, should so far forget what was justly expected of them as reasonable beings, as to suffer themselves to be tortured by excitement, inasmuch albeit as human nature and difficulties are inseparable, human nature is sufficiently potent not only to battle with those difficulties, but overcome them. If Mr. Jonas Beagle had had to contend against many of the ills flesh and blood is heir to, he in all probability, would have acted like the majority of his fellow men; but as he had met with very few, and those few had not been of a very furious complexion, he could afford to be deeply philosophical on the subject, and felt himself competent, of course, to frame laws by which the tempers of men in the aggregate should be governed. He did, however, feel, when he violently smote the pillow, that the little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried, "meyow!—pit!—meyow!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Jonas Begle, "here again!"

"Mew!" said Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

"What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!"

"Meyow!—meyow!" cried Valentine in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagle, "you will be able to get up a concert by-and-by;" and Valentine began to spit and swear with great facility.

"Swear away, you beauties!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes. At it again? Well, this is a blessing. Don't you hear these devils of cats?" he cried, anxious not to have all the fun himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. "Well, this is particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly;" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact that the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate. "What's to be done?" he inquired, very pointedly. "What's to be done? my breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now: they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear those cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meyowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals exceedingly well.

At length the patience of Jonas Beagle began to evaporate; for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence into the bed of his companion, and shouted so loudly, that Valentine, feeling that it would be perfect nonsense to pretend to asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out "who's there?"

"'Tis I!" shouted Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hist!" cried Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle, "more like two-and-twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more about striking a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind," said Valentine; "let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by and bye."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep, but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically. "Curse the cats! I wish there warn't a cat under heaven, I do with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too, when they happen to be put out, and there's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting, and confound her! I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are peculiarly characteristic of the feline race; and for a man who possessed but a slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said, that he developed a degree of fluency, which did him great credit. He purred, and mewed, and cried, and swore, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had been "damped for the mangle."

"What on earth are we to do?" enquired Plumplee, "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em?" observed Mr. Begale, "let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hallo!" cried Plumplee.

"Hul-lo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed, to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine, at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Plumplee, "do assist in turning these cats out."

"Cats: Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use whatever, I have tried the hishing business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Afraid of them: afraid of a few cats?" exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity, "where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle. "There's a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!" and Valentine bounced out of bed, and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with violence and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of the room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meyowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank heaven! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle, "we shall be able to get a little rest now, I suppose;" and after minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Who and Where?

From the Album of a person unknown.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Who is this commands the guardian?
Fairy! whisper in mine ear,
That I may not sing a burden,
Proud damsels might scorn to hear.

Is it boy or is it maiden—
Plain or handsome—young or old—
Is't a heart with sorrow laden,
Or to laughing Momus sold?

Is't a youth whose hidden treasures
In romance's regions lie?
Or a lass whose only pleasures
Are in making bread and pie?

Is it Churchman—Baptist—Quaker—
Unitarian—Pagan—Jew—
Cath'lic—Presbyterian—Shaker?—
Gentle Fairy! tell me who.

Who?—it may but little matter
What the answer this shall bear—
But the years that cannot flatter
Soon will ask the question "where?"

Then what earth has to inherit,
Earth may ope her breast and show—
But the dwelling of the spirit,
Gentle Fairy! who can know?

Lady's Department.

Choosing a Husband.

"I really don't know which I love best," said Jane Manverse to her friend Marian Westall, as she returned from a splendid party where she was 'the admired of all admirers,' William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am an heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich—both are filled with sentiments of honor as far as expressions and general conduct go. Both love me. Neither have expressed it in strong terms—but either only wait for the necessary encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question. To either, my fortune would be an advantage. They may—it is an ungenerous thought—but I cannot help entertaining it, love my fortune, and not me. Do you know, Marian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test?"

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which had made a poor, unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had the full and positive proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my two favored lovers be acquainted with the fact. I therefore propose to state in the papers that my cousin is not dead as was supposed. To give up for a time my splendid establishment, and to retire into comparative poverty. It is said that Kings and heiresses rarely hear the truth from the flatterers by whom they are surrounded. This will at least test my friends. What think you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it, by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose. Frederick English's visits in a short time became more like angel's—that is, few and far between—while William Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss Manvers, I have known you long. In the days of your prosperity—surrounded as you were by many lovers who were affluent, I did not dare to disclose to you a passion which I had felt from the moment I knew you, and which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now that you are poor, like myself, the diffidence which had also hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion, is removed. I am not affluent, but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you will accept for your husband one who loves you devotedly, I do not think that you will ever regret the hour that makes you mine. At least I will try never to give you cause."

"I believe you, dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar, for I am little better——"

"Say not so dearest—I cannot listen to such wrong even from your lips."

"Your fortunes will not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our marriage take place?"

"Next week, if you will."

"At your lodgings here?"

"No, at the house of a friend. Call for me, and we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, accompanied by Frederick English. They were both surprised at the magnificence of Jane's attire, and thought it somewhat out of character with her circumstances, but how much more surprised were they when stepping into a carriage with Jane and Eliza, they were driven to Jane's former residence, and found her still the mistress and the heiress, and learned the plot by which she had tested her lovers. The way Frederick cursed himself and his fortune was not slow.

Girls, you, who possess money, make it a point of finding out, before the irrevocable knot is tied, whether you are loved for yourselves or your fortunes.

Advice to a Wife.

Patrick Henry wrote to his only daughter, soon after her marriage: "The first maxim you should follow is, never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, and warm feelings, cannot and will not bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended by an angry look or expression. The current of his affection is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eye; and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him, as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, that in reality are mere trifles of themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with a pleasure, with a smile of affection. * * * *

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns, receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, or furniture, or of any convenience? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, or however impracticable it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners which acts as the most powerful charm. It will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discomcerted on any occasion of this nature.

Woman in Spain.

Women are considered under different points of view by the nations of Europe. With some they absolutely serve for no purpose than as objects of amusement and pleasure. Do they cease to please and amuse, they are abandoned and forgotten. They are loaded with flattery and presents so long as they prolong the illusion of the senses; so soon as the illusion ceases they cease to belong to society. Among some people who pretend to be governed by the most enlightened reason and the purest morals, the women are the first functionaries of the house, and in that quality it is necessary that they should serve and obey. A certain hypocrisy, founded on a concentrated selfishness, excludes them from the society of men, under the plea of sparing their modesty. The merit of a woman has no other thermometer than the number of pounds sterling she has saved her husband per annum. Whether she be gentle, compassionate, pure in her affections, or irreproachable in her conduct, all this is more or less praiseworthy, according to the taste of the husband. But all husbands are agreed on the subject of their own respective superiority. At the club, in the exchange, in the coffee-room, the husband is the equal of those who surround him; at home, when *tete-a-tete* with his wife, he is always chief; he always assumes the voice of command. In Spain, women are treated in a manner different from these systems. If they be loved as in Italy, if they be respected as in England, there results from that respect and that love a mingled and improved sentiment. Among all the chivalrous traits which constituted the ancient Spanish character, and which continued till foreign dynasties corrupted all that was good in the morals and politics of Spain, this alone has been preserved in all its purity. Cervantes has destroyed the vast family of the *Quixotes*, but that of *Dulcinea* still remains. *Toboso* is the true type of Spanish society: in the eyes of every Spaniard his mistress is a princess, adorned with every species of merit.

Woman.

Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful than his over her; from birth to death he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character, must diminish or increase his happiness; according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.

A Cheerful Wife.

A good writer has remarked that a Woman may be of great assistance to her husband by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torment him.

Wellerism.

"True love never did run smooth," as the lover said when he hooked it over the fields, with the dogs, and father of his beloved after him.

Old Ironsides.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Ay, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh! better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Agriculture.

Work for the Month.

Early Potatoes.—Prepare the richest and most loamy bed in your garden for a crop of early potatoes. Dig it up well and deeply—break the clods well, then pulverize it nicely with your garden rake—lay off your rows two and a half feet apart; throw into the drill about two inches of fat long horse dung, put your potatoe sets ten inches apart on the top of the manure, cover them with more manure, and then fill up the trench with earth—the after work consists in keeping the weeds away, the earth stirred between and a good broad faced hill around the vines.

Horse Radish.—This root must be planted out as early as possible.

Rhubarb.—This excellent vegetable requires to be planted early this month.

Fruit Trees of all sorts may now be either planted out or pruned—and the same remark will hold good with respect to shrubs of every variety, whether flowering or otherwise. The sooner either pruning or planting is done in this month the better.

Gooseberries, Carrots and Raspberries must be pruned, or planted out early this month.

Strawberries must now receive their spring dressing—and if you propose setting out a new bed you cannot do it too soon.

Clover Fields.—Sow over each acre of your clover, one bushel of plaister of paris, and besides fertilizing your ground, it will add twenty-five per cent. to the bulk of your hay.

Fences.—As soon as you can spare the time, examine all your fences and give them a *thorough* repairing.

Ditches and Drains.—These should receive early attention, and be cleaned out; and be sure to mix the earth you may take out of them with your dung.

Preparation of ground for Beets.—If you design planting any sugar beets or mangel wurtzel, we would advise you to plough your ground as early this month as possible—plough it as deep as you can, then harrow it, and let it remain until you are ready to plant your beets—then haul on your manure—say twenty double horse cart loads; spread it evenly and plough it lightly—from three to four inches, and be sure to get your beets in the earth during the first week of April. We will remark, that *one acre* of either of these roots, well manured and tended, will enable you to keep your milch cows to the pail all the winter, and thus entitle you to the thanks of your better half.

Spring Wheat.—As this variety of the bread grain is somewhat out of date, all we will say up on the subject is—that if you design planting any it should be sown as speedily as possible, in order that it may fill and ripen before the sun gets too much power.—*Amer. Farmer.*

Horticultural.

Ladies who cultivate flowers, will gratefully receive the following recipe for destroying a very troublesome reptile. It is taken from Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture: Worms in pots may be easily destroyed, simply by watering the soil with lime-water, which may be made by putting a piece of lime, weighing about two pounds, into a pail of water; when the whole is slacked and well stirred up, it should be allowed to settle. The clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pots should be liberally watered with it. The worms will soon leave the premises, by crawling upon the surface, when they may be taken out and destroyed. If any remain, another watering can be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.

DEAFNESS.—TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS.—*An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.*—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy to some hundred cases in the Westminster Dispensary (for diseases of the Eye and Ear,) for which Letters Patent have been obtained by M. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astley Cooper—Drs. Roston, Curtis, Drake, and L. Segalais, Aurist, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis, throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louise Phillippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis. These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The *Gutta Vegetabilis* (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects, will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of her hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, of Farringdon street, who was a Lieutenant in the 45 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, ask well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 90 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young, Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

JUST PUBLISHED.—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, OR EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable causes of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom the easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest *urethral* disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, where-[illegible] may exist. [illegible] the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR. ON MARRIAGE.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered; with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to YOUTH, MATURITY AND OLD AGE.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALE'S VADE MECUM. ALSO BY THE SAME.—A Non medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances sympathies, and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—HOR.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed, sep 26-1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION, that awful and fatal destroyer of human life, whose ravages spread over all the Universe, and hurries *millions* into an untimely grave. Thousands, yes tens of thousands of valuable lives could have been prolonged, and many yet dwell with us if a remedy had been discovered in due time equal to Doctor SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILDCHERRY, prepared from an *Extract of the Wild Cherry.* The curative properties of this famous tree are apparent in most of its—which forms a leading ingredient in the above valuable medicine. No one heretofore has ever been so successful in extracting the extraordinary virtues of this tree. Happy would it be for those who are afflicted with a *Distressing Cough, Bronchitis, Difficult Expectoration, or Raising of Phlegm, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood*, or other symptoms which may likely lead into CONSUMPTION, if they would take good advice, and procure the above medicine, and use it according to directions, they would soon find the many painful hours and distressing nights turned into tranquil ones and sweet repose. Afflicted persons, you must be careful, and not grasp at the many inexperienced compounds which almost daily spring up like shadows and fall; you must be led to believe, and experience will teach you, that you are building a foundation for a serious disease, if duped by such useless mixtures. Therefore, you who are afflicted with Consumption, or symptoms which indicate it, spare no time in procuring the medicine which has been tested by the most experienced physicians, and pronounced superior and inferior to none extant. This medicine is the SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which it is known is general use for many years, during which time thousands of persons have been raised from their beds of sickness by its use to the enjoyment of their nearest friends, and dearest relatives. The *wonderful effects* of this medicine are highly substantiated by numerous recommendations from individuals of the first respectability and society, (who are among those whose lives have been spared and prolonged) which can be seen, if desired, by calling at the OFFICE, No. 19 north EIGHTH street, Philadelphia, where the medicine can always be obtained. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

The above MEDICINE, from its powerful tonic and strengthening effect, is an effectual remedy for weakness, and all nervous affections, from whatever cause they may arise.

The above medicine may also be had of Richard Norris, of Williams No. 254 Market street, Baltimore.

All orders must be addressed to DR. SWAYNE, N. E. corner of ELEVENTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia. feb 27-3m

To the Citizens of New England.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Whereas, a young man by the name of Franklin O. Howard, formerly a clerk in the office No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, having recently advertised in the Boston Daily Times, that said office is removed, and that he is the agent for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, or Indian Purgative of the North American College of Health—this is to inform the public that no such removal has taken place, and that F. O. Howard is an impostor; he not only having no appointment for the sale of said medicine, but was a short time ago actually dismissed from the business on account of certain irregularities, which his own conduct may compel me hereafter to make public.

The citizens of New England are therefore cautioned against purchasing medicine of said F. O. H. as he cannot by any possibility *honestly* have the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills for sale.

Agents are also earnestly requested to be on their guard, as it is feared he will endeavor to palm himself on them as the authorised agent, and thus pass upon them a counterfeit, and perhaps dangerous article.

Purchasers will observe, the genuine medicine has WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS Indian Purgative, of the North American College of Health, on the sides of the boxes, and that all others are counterfeit, intended not only to deceive the unwary, but to bring the genuine medicine into disrepute.

The only office in Boston for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, is at

198 TREMONT STREET.

Principal Office and General Depot,

169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM WRIGHT

Vice President of the N. A. College of Health.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1841. jan 16—3m

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 70 south Second Street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, and Filterers, of which upward of three hundred are now in successful operation. The water for use is contained in stone jars, and vessels being rejected in consequence of their injurious properties. Having received instructions from JOHN SANDERSON the celebrated Filterer preparer, he is now ready to furnish said article as good as those manufactured by the inventor, and always keeps on hand an assortment of the same, warranted equal to any, capable of filtering from 3 to 60 gallons of water per hour. All Filterers warranted for two years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 600 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (with out using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23 1y

HALL PAPERS.—Just received a large assortment of French Papers, consisting of Satin, Fresco, Silver and White Extra Hall Papers, &c. together with every variety of their own manufacture. Borders, Views, Fire Screens, &c. all of which are offered wholesale or retail at the lowest possible prices.

PINN & NEWLAND,

No. 145 Chesnut st. above 5th opposite the theatre.

Paper Hangings warranted to be done in the best manner. mar 6 ft

WORM LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES, are the greatest discovery ever made, for dispelling the various kinds of worms, that so frequently and distressingly annoy both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and so pleasant to the taste that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint Lozenge.

Benj. F. Goodspeed, 126 Sixth Avenue, has always cured his children of worms, by Sherman's Lozenges. He would not be without them in his house on any account.

The Rev. James Townsend's girl, nine years old, was given up as incurable, by two physicians. She was fast wasting away, and was so miserable, that death was almost looked to for relief. Three doses of Sherman's Worm Lozenges entirely cured her.

Dr. Stevens, one of the most distinguished physicians in this country, says, Sherman's Worm Lozenge is the safest and best article he knows of for destroying worms.

Dr. Hunter, another celebrated physician, uses no other worm medicine in his practice.

Dr. Castle, 297 Broadway, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, for more than two years,—and never knew them to fail.

Hon. B. B. Beardsley, Col. L. Clark, Joseph Haines, Esq. Professor Bingham, and the thousands who have used these Lozenges, can fully attest to their great and wonderful virtues.

More than 200 certificates might be added of their truly wonderful properties.

Price, 25 cents per box.

NERVOUS HEADACHE, CURED IN FIVE TO TEN MINUTES, BY SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES.—These are a very pleasant, agreeable and efficacious article; an unfailing remedy for *lowness of spirits, nervous or sick headache, inflammatory or putrid sore throat*, as well as all other complaints where the camphor is recommended.

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER.

1,000,000 sold yearly, and only 12½ cents each.

COUGH LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES are the safest, most sure and effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, CONSUMPTION, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c. &c. The proprietor has never known an instance where they did not give perfect satisfaction.

The Rev. James Kant had suffered with a distressing cough, pain in his right side, night sweats, and all the usual symptoms of consumption. He tried many popular remedies, but all in vain. He consulted some of our most distinguished physicians, and they told him he had the consumption, and must prepare to die, as he could not be cured. A friend advised him him to try Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges, as they had cured several that had been given up. He did so, and to the unspeakable joy of all his friends, he immediately began to grow better, and before he had taken four boxes, was entirely cured; and he is now again, through divine blessing, permitted to minister to his loving flock.

James Grant, No. 4 Ann street, cured of a most distressing cough in one day by a few doses of Sherman's Cough Lozenges.

Mr. R. D. Kemp, of Newburg, was cured of consumption, by three boxes of Sherman's Cough Lozenges, after suffering three years, and trying several doctors, and every thing he heard of. Through the blessing of God he owes his life to them.

Mrs. Jenkins was given up as incurable, and expected daily to breathe her last. She was cured in a few weeks by these celebrated Lozenges.

The Rev. Dr. Eastmond has used them in his family, as has also several members of his church, and he says no cough medicine ever was half so efficacious.

Dr. Allen, a distinguished physician of this city, says he has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, to a great many cases, and they always proved effectual. He has always been able to cure the most distressing cases of recent standing in one or two days.

Price 25 and 37½ cents per box. Sherman's wholesale and retail Lozenges. Warehouse No. 90 North 6th street.

PETERS PILLS

THE wonderful cures effected by this medicine are the all-engrossing subjects of the day. Go where you will and you hear of nothing but Mr. Such-a-One has been cured by Dr. Peter's Vegetable Pills, or, you know Miss So-and-So was at the point of death, but she has been cured by Dr. Peter's Pills; or, are you not glad that Miss —— has been restored to health by Dr Peter's wonderous medicine.

Really this medicine must be very good, or it could not cure so many. It is good. For many years it has passed on in the "even silent tenor of its way," curing hundreds of persons who were wrangling with death. But now its onward course is impetuous.

It is as impossible to stay the demand for this medicine, as to resist the rushing wind.

A life medicine that will procrastinate death for years; shall it not enter every house? Shall it not be used by every individual? Let no man say I do not want it. You know not what to-morrow may bring forth. All should use this remedy, and remember that health is the first blessing from God.

PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are anti-bilious, anti dyspeptic, and anti mercurial, and may be justly considered a Universal Medicine, but they are peculiarly beneficial in the following complaints:—Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Croup, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Colic, Female Obstructions, Heart Burn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhea, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in all cases of Torpor of the Bowels, where a Cathartic or an Aperient is needed. They are exceedingly mild in their operations, producing neither nausea, griping nor debility.

Price 25 and 50 cents per box.

Dr. Peter's Principal office, No. 90 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. jan 9 6m

COUGHS, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, &c. cured by JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

From Atkinson's Philadelphia Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1838.

MR. ATKINSON—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper an account of the surprising effects of Jayne's Carminative, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steamboat to perfect health, who were affected by a violent Bowel Complaint. I am glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from his medicines, more especially his Expectorant, induces me to state my case to you for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a Cough or Asthmatical oppression for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp in 1776, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period until recently I have never been free from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day, often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit, or be bolstered up, to obtain my breath. The weakness or debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends that I have been able to live thus far. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another very severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call in Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him I was once more raised from my bed, but the cough and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that as it had cured so many of my acquaintances of various old cases of the lungs it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I feel? *It has effectually cured me.* As soon as I commenced taking it I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as I ever did in my life, and better than I have for the last sixty years. Last summer I spit a good deal of blood, but, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. 35 Lombard st.

Mr. Harris has long been a worthy member, (we believe a deacon) of the First Baptist Church in this city, and implicit confidence may be placed in his assertions.—*Editor of the Post.*

Persons are invited to call and see him, and satisfy themselves.

The above valuable medicine may be had, wholesale and retail, of Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.00. jan 2 3m

WORMS! Worms! Worms! Jayne's Tonic VERMIFUGE.—This Vermifuge is perfectly safe and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS, neutralizes acidity or foulness of the Stomach, increases the appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c. and is almost a certain cure for FEVER and AGUE, and what is of more importance, it does it permanently.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the bed, or nest, in which worms produce their young; and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system and the health of the patient is *always improved* by its use, even when no Worms are discovered. Numerous certificates of its usefulness have been received, which the proprietor does not consider necessary to publish.

Josiah Thompson, near Salem, N. J. administered this Vermifuge to a child between two and three years old, and says that in a few days she discharged *one hundred and thirty-seven large Worms.*

Mr. Joseph A. Lentz, of the Penn Township Savings Institution, in this city, gave it to one of his children, and says that after the sixth dose it brought away about fifty Worms at once, five and six inches long.

Mr. Ferdinand Woodruff used two bottles of this Vermifuge for DYSPEPSIA, and in the course of two weeks, discharged upward of thirty pieces of TAPE WORM and was thereby perfectly cured.

Another gentleman of this city had it administered to his little daughter about three years old, when she had a number of discharges from her bowels, composed entirely of *little white thread Worms.* He says "they came away from her, not only by hundreds, but I may truly say, by *thousands*, separately and in solid knots or balls as thick [illegible] composed entirely of dead worms."

SICK HEADACHE—Many ladies and gentlemen have found this Vermifuge to be a permanent cure for Sick Headache.

PILES.—Numerous cases of Piles have been perfectly cured by the use of this valuable Vermifuge.

Finally, what the public have long desired, a medicine of this kind, which might be depended upon (prepared by a regular physician,) is now offered to them, and can be had of Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia, and of all persons who sell his Expectorant and Carminative Balsam. Price 50 cents. dec 5 3m

PRIVATE Sale of Land, Mills and Water Power.—The subscriber offers at private sale his property (formerly Jn. Bartons) situated on the big Fishing Creek, in Bloom township, Columbia county, Pa. 2¼ miles from Bloomsburg, and 2 from the canal at Espy, containing about 35 acres of land. The improvements are a grist and merchant mill 40 by 35 ft. 3 stories high, with 1 run of stones, 2¼ burr and 1 country stone, with machinery for cleaning grain, &c. There is adjoining the grist mill a woollen factory 57 by 37 ft. with machinery for manufacturing cloth, sattinett, &c. There are also 2 dwelling houses. In short this property is well worth the attention of business men, being one of the best water powers in the country, having 9 ft. head and fall, with the privilege of turning in the whole of big Fishing Creek, and is a good neighborhood for buying grain.

It is also a first rate situation for iron works, there being iron ore of a good quality within half a mile. Persons wishing to enter into that business would do well to look at this before engaging elsewhere. For further information inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

DAVID PHILLIPS, Espy P. office, Columbia county, Pa.

jan 30-3m*

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

SILK Worm Eggs.—Pea Nut and Seine White Silk Worm Eggs of the first quality for sale by the subscriber at 290 Market street.

N. B. Also Piedmontese Silk Reels.

feb 20-tf CHAS. CADWALLADER.